

Set your affections on things above, not on things of earth, for ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Everything that you have will pass away. You are going to leave it all some day. They say, "How much did he leave?" He leaves it all. A foolish question, "How much did he leave?" You leave it all.

"There is none righteous."

Look at the second one. It deals with the revelation of God. "There is none that understandeth."

There are three things that the natural man cannot understand. He cannot understand the great manner of his own being. His own being is a shut book to him. Man, you cannot know yourself if you are a carnal man.

You cannot read the Book of life. You cannot even read the book of your own life. How foolish the readings that carnal men have made of their lives.

A second thing, they do not know the great meaning of Christ's work. It is hid from their eyes. They might have degrees, they might be educated, they might be university dons or professors, but I want to tell you if they are carnal men, they will not know anything of the meaning of Christ's work. They won't even know the meaning of their own being. They do not understand the meaning of Christ's work.

There is another thing they do not understand. They do not understand the great message of the gospel, it is hid from their eyes. They cannot understand. And many a man has come to the house of God and he could not understand.

I was preaching a few weeks ago at the funeral of a great man of God, Alex Dunlap, who was known as

Mr. Protestant of the USA. And what a Protestant he was. What a man of God he was. I went to the funeral in Philadelphia. Dr. Jones was there and he said "Ian, I am having meetings, I want you to join me." And we went up to Hammiltown in the north of Pennsylvania, and that night there was a man in the meeting. Do you know who he was? He was the ex-president of Rotary International. A businessman from Florida. And with all his business acumen, with all his intelligence, with all his education he was absolutely dark and blinded to God's truth. He did not know a thing. A young child at Sunday School who loved Jesus knew more. And you know as we preached, God enlightened that man's eyes. At the end of the meeting I had the great privilege of kneeling down at the front of that Bible Church with the ex-president of Rotary International, a big businessman from the millionaires' paradise of Florida, and he said to me, "I have seen it for the first time. I see I am lost. I see that Jesus can save me."

I am telling you, there is none that understandeth. You cannot understand it in your own strength. That is why God sent the enlightenment of the Spirit of God.

Blessed Holy Ghost, enlighten men's eyes tonight in the Town Hall! Open their eyes! I cannot open your eyes. Praise God, God can do it. He can open your eyes.

"There is none that understandeth."

Look at the next one. "There is none that seeketh after God." That has to do with the Person of God. Man is looking to get away from God.

Adam sinned, but before he sinned he ran to God every evening. When he heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, he

ran, did he not? He ran to be in company with God. But when he committed one sin, the first thing he did, he ran away from God.

"There is none that seeketh after God."

"Oh, I go to church" you say. You do not seek after God. "I read my Bible." You are not seeking after God. "I am religious." You are not seeking after God. "Why do you say that preacher?" It says here "There is none that seeketh after God." It is all a vain show. You draw near to God with your lips, but your heart is far from God.

What a tragedy it is that men are not righteous. That men do not understand and that men do not seek after God.

Every preacher has a sore heart after he preaches. I have a sore heart every night in this hall when I see scores of men going away from Jesus. It breaks my heart to see men and women I know, and men and women I am pleased to call my friends, and they are pleased to say they have a friend in me, and they go away every night from Jesus. It breaks my heart! "There is none that seeketh after God." Why do men go away from God? "There is none that seeketh after God."

There is only One that can draw you and that is the Spirit of God. Happy is the man who can say, "He drew me and I followed on, charmed to confess the voice divine."

Do you remember that night Christian when you heard the voice of God? Oh, you had heard the gospel of Christ for years. You had heard what the theologians call the general call of the gospel. Everybody hears that who hears the preacher's voice. But one night you heard

the effectual call. Oh, that was a different business. And when you heard that effectual call, praise God it was irresistible.

When I went to the Ravenhill Road thirty years ago, (I am in my thirtieth year now) one of the worst drunkards on the Ravenhill Road, he had a business up My Lady's Road, I had an old elder, J. L. Harbinson, and JL used to go up for him every Sunday night, he used to say, "I am away to get Joe." We would be on our knees and we would be praying. JL would come back about five to seven and say, "I have got him. He was in bed when I got there. I got him out of bed and got him shaved and brought him down to church." And Joe came to church. He sat Sunday after Sunday after Sunday and my heart was broken, and those that prayed for him were brokenhearted. And then I had a mission in Crossgar. The mission out of which the Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster was born. And one night in that mission Joe came along and he heard the effectual call of the gospel. It was irresistible. And when I made the appeal, he was down the aisle. He did not need any coaxing. Why? God had drawn him by the power of God.

Oh, Blessed Spirit, draw men to Jesus tonight. Let the drawing power of God be felt in the Ballymena Town Hall. Then we will be able to stop the preaching and start the praising. We will be able to quit the preaching and start praising God, for God is drawing men to Jesus. Oh, may He draw you tonight. That is what I am praying. May He draw you away from the world. There is nothing in it friend. There is nothing in the world.

Do you remember Lord Byron, and he had everything. At thirty years of age he said, "My days are in the yellow leaf. The flowers and fruits of life are gone. The worm, the canker and the grief are mine alone."

Oh, you could have everything and you will have nothing if you have not Jesus. Friend, if you have nothing and you have Jesus, praise God you have everything you need. "All my lasting joys are found in Thee, Jesus, Thou art everything to me." Oh, that you may seek Him tonight by the power of God.

"There is none that seeketh after God."

What is the last one? "There is none that doeth good, no not one." You say, "I do not believe that, preacher. I know people who do good turns, I know ungodly people who do good turns." The Bible says there is none that doeth good. Ah, this is doing good in order to merit salvation. That is the difference. Of course, there are people who do good turns. Man, I know people and they do not like me, and they do not like my preaching but they would do me a good turn, And there are people I do not like too much, and I would do them a good turn, I would. Let us be honest about it. You do not think the same about everybody, sure you do not? That is true. We would do them a good turn and if we could help them we would, and we ought to. But that does not merit salvation. There is not a thing good you can do that can get you to Heaven. You can do everything the church asks. You can do everything the church demands of you. You can go the second mile. My friend, you can obey to the full the letter of the law to your utmost extent. Old Paul said, "as touching the law, blameless." He was talking about the traditions of the law, cere-

monial practices of Moses, touching the law, blameless, and yet there is none good, no not one. You cannot earn salvation. You cannot buy it. You will never merit it. Oh, praise God, it is a gift.

You know friend, I could turn this text round now, and say it is true that there is none righteous. But it is also true, praise God, there is One righteous. It is true there is none that doeth good. It is also true that there is One Who doeth good. Yes! It is also true, I could say there is none that understandeth. But, praise God, we can say there is One Who understandeth. It is true to say there is none that seeketh after God. But, praise God, there is One Who sought after God with all His heart, with all His soul and all His mind. Who is the Blessed Man of Psalm one? Do you know? The Blessed Man of Psalm one is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Man Who never walked in the counsel of ungodly men, or sat in the seat of scornful or stood in the way of sinners. He was the Man Who day and night delighted in the law of God. He is the Evergreen Tree, Hallelujah! Thank God, I know One Who has done good. He has done enough good to save me from hell, Hallelujah! Thank God, I know One Who has done good. He has done enough good to save me from hell, Hallelujah! He has enough righteousness to cover all the unrighteousness of His people. "Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness, My beauty are my glorious dress, Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head."

Do you remember Christian at the cross? What did he get at the cross?

He got a new suit. And he wore it forever, and it never frayed, it did not need any patches on it, it never

needed to be mended. It was like the children of Israel when they came out of Egypt, they never needed to patch their clothes for forty years, their clothes never needed to be patched. That would be lovely mother, you would never need to patch up anything!

And the children as they came out, two years of age, and as their feet grew their shoes grew with them. That is what the Bible says. Do I believe it? Sure I believe it! God can do anything. When He saved Ian Paisley, He could do that. Making shoes grow is nothing to our God!

Let me tell you, I got a coat one night at the cross and I have been wearing it ever since, and I am going to wear it in Heaven. There is not a spot on it, and there is not a patch on it, it is the Righteousness of Jesus.

Come on, old ungodly sinner tonight, strip off your rags and wash in the Blood and put on the garment.

"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing
power?

Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?

Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

Happy the man that can say, "Yes, I am washed in the Blood, the soul-cleansing Blood of the Saviour." You can be washed tonight.

"I know a Fount where sins are washed away,
I know a place where night is turned to day,
Burdens are lifted, blind eyes made to see,
There's a wonder working power (where?)
in the Blood of Calvary?"

Come on and test it tonight. Taste and see that the Lord is good.

There is One that doeth good. There is One that seeketh after God. There is One righteous. There is One that understandeth, and His Name is Jesus. Will you meet Him tonight. Take Him home with you. Come on friend, get saved tonight. Let the angels bear the tidings upward to the courts of Heaven. Let them sing in ceaseless rapture o'er many souls forgiven. God grant it tonight. Make it a salvation night Lord, For Jesus' Sake!

AMEN AND AMEN!

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SERMON:

THE PIGS THAT GOT
THE PERMANENT WAVE

THE PIGS THAT GOT THE PERMANENT WAVE

"I will arise and go" Luke 15:18

I have got a wonderful story to preach on, it is one of the most simple of the Lord's parables. But it is not only simple, it is celestially sublime. Not a story in the Book brings forth the mercy, and the grace, and the love and the compassion of God like this story.

In the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel there are three stories, they by right should all be taken together. There is the story of the lost sheep, that is in the first part of the chapter. Then in the centre of the chapter there is the story of the lost silver. And now we come to the story of the lost son. The lost sheep, the lost silver and the lost son.

I want you to picture with me the setting of the home. But you know my friend there is something that is missing in this home. There is no mention of the mother. The mother is not there.

You know the mother is the centre of the home. Everything revolves around the mother. The father is the head of the home, but the mother is the centre of the home. I know with my wee ones, when they are with daddy everything is all right and the sun is shining. Any trouble comes, let them fall, man they do not run to their daddy it is mammy they want. Why? Because mother is the centre of the home. And I tell you when you lose your mother everything in the home is different. I miss my mother more now than I ever mis-

sed her before. And if you have got a mother living, thank God she is living. And do the best you can for her, for she is irreplaceable. And when she is gone you will never be able to be the same again.

I believe the mother died in this family. That is why the family broke up. That is why the young fellow said, "I am going to leave home." When mother was there, there was an anchor, there was something that tied him there, something that kept him there, something that secured him there. Aye, when mother is living there is an anchor to that home. When mother is living there is a centre to that home. There is about it a mysterious magnetism that keeps the whole home and the family revolving round her. Mother is gone here. There is no mention of her. And we read that the young fellow said, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. I want my share. I want my portion." He did not say to the father, "Father, what am I going to get?" He did not say to the father, "Father, I know I don't deserve anything. I know I am not entitled to anything. I know perfectly well that anything I am going to get is of your free will." But this greedy young man said, "My portion." There was none of that his at all. It could not be his until after the father died. But he wanted to pre-date the father's death, he wanted his heritage right there and then. And of course the father divided between his two sons, the living. And you will notice (and this is my first point) the characteristic of ruin by sin.

What are the characteristics of ruin by sin? Let us look at it together and you will find that he gathered up everything. Sin makes men greedy. Sin makes men

possessive. Sin makes men take a tight hold on all the worldly goods they can get their grip on.

I wonder how many sinners are holding unto worldly goods in this house. And their whole affections, and all their love, and all their talents and all their ability is their centre. They are tied to the goods of this earth.

You remember that rich fool. He tried to feed his soul on corn. And he said, "I will pull down my barns and build greater. I will say to my soul, 'soul thou hast much goods laid up for thee, eat, drink, and be merry.'" As if the soul could eat and drink. As if the soul could be satisfied with corn. As if the soul could be pleased with money. That spiritual part of you cannot be blessed with money. That spiritual part of you cannot be blessed or satisfied with anything less than Jesus.

Some people are trying to satisfy themselves with all their goods.

Come look at it again. "He took a journey." Where did he go? Farther and farther and farther away from the father's house.

Where does sin take us? Farther and farther and farther away from the Father's House. Every day, man, you are getting farther from Heaven, farther from Christ, farther from God, farther from pardon and peace. Some of you are away in the far country, you have been journeying on for years. Oh, what a journey it is to be away from God. It is a rugged road. It is not an easy road to go away from God. "The way of the transgressor is hard." Thank God, He makes it hard for men to go away from Him.

This fellow is on a journey. And he is journeying to the far country. That is where you are sinner.

Come on, let us have another look at it. And what did he do then. Oh, look at that word. What a word it is, "He wasted." That is what sin does for you. It wastes you friend. Your life is wasted if you have not got Jesus. It is terrible to look into the eyes of a man whose soul is wasted. That is a terrible indictment is it not.

Is that what you are doing? Wasting your soul, wasting your body, wasting your talents, wasting your ability, wasting time and wasting everything that is worthwhile. Putting it to a wrong use. How many men are putting their bodies to a wrong use because of their sin? Come on, face up to it. Man, you have wasted many precious years, have you not? When you think of all that you could have done for God in purity, in righteousness, and Heaven and Christ. But you have wasted your years. Now you are up the incline. Some of you are old grey-headed sinners going down the decline, and God is saying, "That man has wasted his life, wasted his talents, wasted his ability and has wasted all the breath I have given him, and all the energy I have put into his body." What a terrible thing to be just a waster in the presence of God. And that is what you are sinner tonight.

These are the characteristics of ruin by sin.

Let me show you something else, look at it again. "He wasted his substance with riotous living." In rebellion, yes! You are a rebel, you are a law breaker, you are in rebellion against the King. You are breaking His laws, rejecting His Word, trampling under foot His commandments. Riotous living!

It is not a nice picture, is it? That fine young man stepping out from home. His feet are firm on the path,

he is upright, he has a look of innocency about him, but we meet him in the far country. Is this the young man that left home? Is this the young man with innocent look and upright figure? Yes! What has come over him? He has wasted his life, wasted his talents in riotous living. What a change the devil makes. What a change.

Leonardo De Vinci painted that great picture, "The Last Supper." And when he commenced painting that picture, he decided that he must have someone, some character that would stand in for Jesus Christ. And he went round all the churches of Rome. And one day he saw a lovely young man, a young man of ruddy and healthy countenance, a young man who had the look of purity and manliness and uprightness upon him. He sang in one of the famous choirs of Rome. And after looking at that young man, the great painter went up to him and said, "I want you to come and sit in my studio, I want to paint you in a great painting of the Last Supper. And you are going to stand in the picture for Jesus Christ." And that young man attended the studio. And he took the place of Jesus Christ in that great and famous and internationally known painting. The sittings were over, the painting of Jesus Christ was done. And De Vinci went round looking for the other characters and he painted them all. And he got various men to stand in for Peter and Andrew and Matthew and the rest of them. And then he came to paint Judas. That was many years afterwards. For it took years to do that painting. But he wanted to find a vile wretch. Somebody that had the look of the devil in his eyes, and the haunted look of hell upon his countenance. He went down into the very dregs of the citizens of Rome, and

one day he saw a ragged, wretched drunkard in the street, that man had a haunted look about him. His eyes were bloodshot, he had the very look of the devil himself on his countenance. The great painter said, "My quest is over." And he accosted the man and he said "I want you to come to my studio. I want to paint you." The man let a string of vile oaths out of his mouth and he said, "I will come if you give me a drink." De Vinci said, "You can have as much as you like." And he brought the man to the studio, and he started to paint him as Judas Iscariot in the famous painting. And one day as he was finishing and the last sitting had come, De Vinci stopped. He looked at the man and he said, "I have seen you before." And the man said, "Sure, you have seen me before. I sat in this very chair many years ago, and you painted me in your great painting as Jesus Christ. But now you are painting me as Judas Iscariot."

Think of it, think of it, he was a waster. What wasted him into such a despicable person? What changed the person who was fit to represent Jesus Christ one day, and then a fit subject to represent Judas Iscariot when the years had passed. He wasted his substance on riotous living.

You say, "I never intend to be like that." No, you do not, I know you do not.

I sat in Sunday School in this very town. I sat with a young boy in Sunday School and the teacher asked us to receive Christ as our Saviour. Some of us said, "Yes." This young boy said, "No." And, my friend, I followed that young boy and I saw how he lived. I visited him when he was doing time in jail. And he finished a tragic, sad and ruined soul. He was my Sunday School com-

panion. He was as good and as honourable a lad as me, but he rejected Jesus. He wasted his substance. He went into the far country. And the end of the story is tragedy piled upon tragedy. And sorrow and darkness piled upon sorrow and darkness.

Do not say "Man, it will never happen to me." It will, Sin is far too strong for any one of us.

Samson was the strongest man in the world. Sin said, "Come down here, I will fight you in the arena of life." And when sin had finished with Samson, his eyes were out, his hair was cut, he was a prisoner grinding the meal for his enemies. He was the strongest man on earth, but sin was stronger than him.

You cannot fight sin and get away with it. Sin always wins except Jesus comes.

Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. What wisdom he had! Sin said, "Solomon come off your throne. Come and fight me in the arena of life." Did you ever read the end of Solomon's life? It is the most tragic ending of any life's story. Sin finished him. And the wise king became a dottering fool. And what a fool he was at the end of his day.

If sin destroyed the strongest man that ever lived, if sin destroyed the wisest man that ever lived, you have not a hope of fighting the battle of sin in your own strength.

Come on, look at it again. That is not the end of the story. "There arose a mighty famine in that land."

I tell you, when sin starts paying its wages, it pays overtime. A mighty famine in the land. In the place where he had his enjoyment, he started to reap his disillusionment.

I want to tell you, sow to the flesh and of the flesh you will reap corruption. Man, there are sinners in this meeting tonight, and you have been sowing to the flesh all your life. You are going to reap, man, what you sow. It is coming, the harvest day, sir is coming, the harvest day, madam, is coming. You will not escape it, the mighty famine will come and will leave you empty and lonely in your sin.

What did this young prodigal do? He went to get a job. And he took a job that was most obnoxious to a Jew; he went to the swine herd. Down among the pigs and the swine, down at the swine trough. It says here, "he fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

I tell you, sin will bring you low, it will bring you low to the swine trough. And, if God prevents it not, it will bring you into a lost hell. Sin never finishes until it bringeth forth death. Do not be bluffing yourself friend, do not be fooling yourself. Do not say "It will never happen to me" — it will happen to you!

This is the story of the characteristics of ruin by sin. Look at it, "no man gave unto him." There is a day coming when no man will be able to help you, that is where sin takes you:— to a place where no man can help you.

Listen friend, I have seen men, I have seen women, and no man could help them. And that is you tonight. Oh, if God does not help sinners what will happen to them? They will fall into hell. Only God can save, that is why we are praying for you. Because only God can save men.

"No man gave unto him." I hope you have got the picture. It is one of yourself. Oh, how sin ruins men and women. It is **ruining** your soul, destroying you friend, wasting you, **you are perishing**.

I want to show you something else. Thank God, we do not close the Book there. Thank God, there is something more in this story. There we have the characteristics of repentance for sin. There are not only the characteristics of ruin by sin, but there are the characteristics of repentance for sin.

Look at verse seventeen. "And when he came to himself."

Could I tell you about old Christmas Evans. He has a great sermon on the prodigal son. A great descriptive old wise preacher. He said, "Of course when things got bad, this prodigal went to the pawn shop. And he left off his overcoat and he handed it over the counter. He said, "Give me some money on that." He never redeemed his overcoat. And some days afterwards he took off his **other** coat and took it to the **pawn shop**. And he threw it over the counter and got **some** money for it. And then a few days afterwards he **took off his** shirt and he took it to the pawnshop. And he put it over the counter and got some money for it." And then the old preacher said, "He came to himself. He had nothing else to take off. He came to himself."

Yes! There was a lot of truth in what that old preacher was trying to get at. And I tell you, until you come to yourself, until you come right to the real naked truth, you will never be saved. And if you think you will make it through the church door, you are bound to wake up in hell. If you think you will make it through the

baptismal font, you will be in hell. If you think you will make it by the Lord's Table, you will be in hell. If you think you will make it by singing in the choir, or teaching in the Sabbath School or doing the best you can, you will be in hell. You need to come to yourself. You need to face the naked truth. That is the first characteristic of repentance for sin. "He came to himself."

Let us look at it again. What else did he say? He said, "I perish." Man, it is great when a sinner says, "I perish." He is on the way. When man learns he is a perishing sinner, Jesus is ready to save him. "I perish."

Do you see yourself as a perishing sinner, friend? I want to tell you, you are under the dark clouds of God's wrath. Underneath your feet are the slippery slopes that lead down to hell, before you is the cavern of the damned. Behind you are the sneering, deceiving devils of the pit, pushing you on and on and on until you come to the frightful edge, and one day they will push you over, and you will scream, "Lost!" as you fall into the flames of brimstone and fire for evermore. That is what the devil wants to do with you.

Happy the man who says, "I perish. I am a perishing sinner. There is nothing good about me. I cannot save myself. I am a lost soul. Lord, it is up to You to do the job."

Mr. Nicholson came to the Ravenhill Road in the early twenties. "From Civil War to Revival Victory" was the book that was written of those campaigns. It was a time of trouble just like now. Men were being shot. Snipers were on the roof. Men were being killed. The gunmen were there, and the killers and the bombers

were there, and the evil people were there. And that old preacher, he was a young man then, came to the Ravenhill Road, and preached in what was called Ross's Church, the Irish Presbyterian Church on the Ravenhill Road. Down where my old church is, there was a row of whitewashed cottages. It was called Lagan Village. And there was an old ex-army fellow lived in one of them, they called him Jimmy McVeigh. And Jimmy McVeigh was the worst sinner on the Ravenhill Road. When Jimmy McVeigh was drunk it took four policemen to tame him. And the policemen in those days wore the helmets with the long points on the top of them. If you had gone into Jimmy's home you would have seen nothing but holes in the ceiling where these big policemen wrestled with him. And he pushed them about and those points went up into the ceiling as he wrestled with them. Jimmy was a scoundrel if ever there was one. He was a low down reprobate, a swearing, hard-living, hard-drinking man. One night the men from the Island came to hear W. P. Nicholson preach. They were led by a Salvation Army band.

Jimmy McVeigh, drunkard, wastrel, sinner, ungodly blasphemer stood on the kerbstone on the Lagan Village, and when he saw the band go by, he was an old soldier, and when he heard the marching music he started to swing his arms and march with the crowd. That night they shifted the pillar that held the gates, so great was the crush. And Jimmy McVeigh was carried into the front seat of the front gallery facing the preacher. And as W. P. Nicholson preached the gospel, that man got up and he said, "I will take Jesus if He will have me. I will take Jesus if He will have me." He

found out he was a perishing sinner. Thank God, Jesus took him. He became transformed by the grace of God. What a change. My, when Jesus saves you, He changes you. Jimmy was changed, he got a job. And the neighbours decided that they would give him a surprise. So when they got him away to work early one morning, they got into that house, and they painted it and papered it from top to bottom. And Jimmy came up the road that night, marching along and singing that old hymn that Nicholson used to sing "Don't forget there is a house to let." When he got forward to the door and put the key in and opened it, my what a change. He did not know the house. And then suddenly he took about six leaps into the middle of the Ravenhill Road and shouted: "Glory to God, the house is converted too. Glory to God, the house is converted too."

Oh, I tell you when Jesus comes there is a mighty change.

I was preaching at a meeting some months ago in Rathcoole. A woman shouted out, "Preacher, that story is true." I said, "Sure, it is true." She said, "I am Jimmy McVeigh's daughter. I know all about it."

Let me tell you friend, when you learn you are a perishing sinner Jesus can deal with you.

"I perish." Is there a man here tonight and he is saying "Preacher, it is true of me. I am a perishing wretch. If I go on the way I am going I will perish certainly in hell. Oh, preacher is there any hope for me?" Thank God, there is hope for you. Come on, cry out "I perish." That is what the prodigal did.

These are the characteristics of repentance for sin.

Look at it again, what else do we read here? He said, "I will arise." That is the second step in repentance. Man as a repenting sinner does not stay put, he arises. He rises up out of the muck and away from the swine trough and away from the evil companionships. He says, "I will arise."

Thank God, there have been men and women in this mission and they have said, "I will arise." And they have come down this aisle. Why? Because they are coming to the Father's House. "I will arise."

Then there is the last one. "I have sinned." The three cries of a repenting sinner, "I perish;" "I will arise;" "I will say I have sinned."

Please God, scores of men and women will say that in this meeting tonight. Man, that is the way Home. If you say those things from the depths of your soul, you are coming Home. You are on the way Home friend.

Do you see him? Come on, look at it. He gets up from the swine trough and he walks out, and he walks up the hill, and he turns round and, praise God, he gives the pigs a permanent wave. He says, "Cheerio," forever. It is a permanent wave all right. He never waved good-bye to them again. He had gone from them for evermore, Hallelujah! That is what happens when God saves a man. "Good-bye," Good-bye to sin, Good-bye to the world.

You young converts, you know you are a mystery to yourselves, are you not? You do not understand what has happened, sure you do not? You are saying, "I could never imagine it. Imagine me going to a prayer meeting. And imagine me praying, and testifying, and loving the Bible. I used to love old filthy books. I used to run with old filthy companions. But now I love Jesus, I am

changed." Who did it? God did it in your soul. You have said, "Good-bye" forever. You have given the pigs a permanent wave. Hallelujah! I trust there will be a lot of waving here tonight. You say, "I am quitting forever." Yes!

Ruined by sin. Repentance for sin. But there is something even better than that: there is redemption from sin. Look at the characteristics of this, "and when he was a great way off, his father saw him." Oh, I love that. The old father is up yonder, he is up yonder on the housetop. He has never left it since the son went away. Every morning he has climbed the stair and stood on top of the house, and he has looked down that road on which he saw his younger son depart. Many a man came up that road, but the father knew it was not his son. Then one morning, although his eyes are now dim with age, his body is now bent, he is still yonder, the picture of the Father looking for His son, the picture of God looking for sinners. And he sees him. Oh, he recognises him. He sees him a great way off.

Jesus' love ne'er out of the sight of its tender light can the wanderer stray. Jesus sees you, man, tonight. Oh, you are still a great way off, but, Hallelujah! God sees you. He sees there is some little desire in you to get saved. That is why you are at the meeting tonight. It is not by chance you are here, God has got you here. The Spirit of God is here and He sees you afar off.

What happened? I love this. Come on, let us look at it. Is this not good? "He had compassion." "Oh, that is what I need. Father I am perishing. Father I am coming Home. But I am not the son that left home. I have got nothing now. I have wasted my life. I have only got a

starved, ruined soul and a filthy ill-clad body." But God has compassion. Oh, the Infinite Compassion of Jesus.

I had a gospel campaign many years ago in the town of Lisburn. There was a godly Presbyterian minister in that town by the name of Fullerton. Mr. Fullerton said to me, years ago, "Ian, if you ever come and preach the gospel in Lisburn, I will stand by you. I will attend your first meeting. I will take the chair. And I will call for the people to stand with you in the gospel." So when the Orange Hall was booked for that campaign, that dear man rang me up and he says, "I am going to keep my promise." I said, "That is good." And then a few days afterwards he rang me up and he said, "Ian, I am in trouble with the Presbytery." Says I, "You ought to be a Free Presbyterian and you will be out of trouble." He said, "There is a rule in the General Assembly that you cannot go into another man's parish unless you have got his permission. The Orange Hall is outside my parish. I cannot go and take the chair. I have found out that I can pray. There is nothing against me praying. I will just come and pray then." So he came and he prayed. And he worked in that mission with me as a brother beloved.

One night after all the people had gone away, I was standing with him and we were rejoicing together. (That dear man is now in the Glory Land. One of the old men of God who had fire in his soul and loved Jesus with all his heart). And the door at the back of the Orange Hall, (I can see it now) it opened slightly. Two of the worst women in Lisburn, two of the street walkers in that town, said, "Is there anybody here?" I said, "No, just Mr. Fullerton and myself are here." They said, "We

are so glad, for we are so ashamed. Everybody knows us. Mr. Paisley, (and I see now their eyes drenched with tears) would Jesus save the likes of us? We would not come to the meeting because we are so ashamed. Would Jesus save the likes of us?" I said, "Hallelujah! He will save you." I remember Mr. Fullerton and myself praying with those two harlots of the street, and, thank God, "though their sins were as crimson, they were as white as snow." God saved them. God saved them from their harlotry, and whoredom and street walking, by the grace of God. Why? God had compassion on them.

Sometimes there is more hope for people like that, than for religious hypocrites who darken the church door every Sunday and think they are righteous, and know not that they are poor lost sinners just as vile, as far as God is concerned.

He had compassion. But look at it again. It gets better does it not? "And he ran." God runs to save men. Oh, I love that. God is never in a hurry, in the Bible, except to save men. He is never in a hurry to damn men. He is slow to wrath. But here we have God running.

That is what God has been doing in the Ballymena Town Hall. He has been running to men and women.

"He ran, and he fell on his neck and kissed him." The kiss of reconciliation. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry and you perish in the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." He kissed him.

Look at it again. What happened? And do you know what the son said? He only got this out, I like this! He said, "I have sinned." The father never allowed him to say anything more. He had a nice speech made up. He was going to say, "Father, I have sinned, and I am not

worthy to be called thy son." But all the father wanted him to say was "I have sinned."

You have only to say "I have sinned" and God will save you.

The father said (look at it) "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." "I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." He never got any farther than that. He was going to say, "make me as one of thy hired servants." He did not get any farther. He had confessed that he had sinned against Heaven, and in the sight of his father. That was enough. "Bring forth the best robe." Nothing but the best for repenting sinners. Nothing but the best. I want to tell you, God has nothing but the best for you. The devil has nothing but the worst for you. Serve the devil, and he will find you with everything and leave you with nothing. But God finds us with nothing and, bless God, gives us everything. There is a great difference is there not? "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." He was without shoes on his feet. "Come on, put the shoes on his feet. Put a ring on his hand. And come, let us be merry." There is joy in the presence of the angels of God o'er sinners coming Home. "Let us be merry." And do you know what happens? There are three merriments when a man gets saved. He is merry. The saints of God are merry and the angels of God are merry. Man, there is joy in Heaven o'er sinners coming Home. "Let the angels bear the tidings, upwards to the courts of Heaven, Let them sing in ceaseless rapture o'er another soul forgiven."

Are you going to be that soul tonight? Come on man to Christ. Come on. The devil has wasted you. You are

perishing. You are on the wrong road. Come, my friend, Home tonight to thy Father's House. Come and welcome, ten thousand welcomes to Jesus.

May many come tonight. For Jesus' Sake!

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
THE DEVIL IN A PIGSKIN
SWIMSUIT

THE DEVIL IN A PIGSKIN SWIMSUIT

"They (the devils) besought him that he would suffer them to enter into the swine" Luke 8:32.

I have a great story to tell you, the story of the miracle working power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is a great thing when the body is healed, or when some burden is lifted. It is a great thing when some problem is solved, when light shines after a night of darkness. But the greatest miracle of all is the miracle of the transforming power of the gospel of Christ in the heart of sinners. There is no miracle like the new birth. There is no miracle like the conversion of the soul. There is no miracle like the salvation of the lost.

If you open your Bible at the fifth chapter of the gospel according to Mark, and then leaf over to the eighth chapter of Luke, and if you compare the two they are the record that we call the gospel narrative of this great story I am going to try and tell you.

THE DEGRADATION OF SIN

The first thing that I want you to notice is the degradation of sin. This man that was possessed of the devil or of devils, this man is a perfect type of the sinner. He is the perfect type, madam of you, if you have not got Jesus. He is the perfect type, sir of you, if you have not been born again.

You say, "How dare you preacher. Imagine telling me I am like a man possessed of devils, living in the tombs, naked, a madman." Yes, that is you tonight. And I am going to show you that you have every characteristic that this man had.

This man had six characteristics. The first thing you read about him, in verse two, is you find his environment. That is a modern word, but that is a good word. What was his environment? He came from the tombs. Characteristic number one, was his deadness. Where do you find deadness? You find it in the tomb. Where do you find the darkness of death, and the degradation of death, and the depravity of death, and the debauchery of death? You find it in the tomb. And this man was characterised by deadness.

That is the first characteristic of every sinner. They are dead in trespasses and in sin. Our environment is the tomb of sin. We are wrapped in the shroud of sin. We are in the coffin of sin and we are buried in the grave of sin, and it is only Christ Himself can call us forth. It is only the resurrecting power of Christ that can make dead men live. Hallelujah! Sinners that were dead in trespasses and sin, thank God they began to live. What a thrill it is to get out of the tomb. Are you not glad you are out of the tomb? Are you not glad? Hallelujah! Let me tell you friend it is a great thing to have done with the shroud. Many a man has got rid of the shroud. My, the old shroud of sin has been on you a long time sinner, is that not right? You never knew anything better. And you know you were so dead you enjoyed the grave. What a fool you were. You thought the tomb was a nice place, you thought the coffin was a

nice place to be in. Then something happened. Thank God, in the Ballymena Town Hall life happened to you. You left the dead house did you not?

I was telling the other night about a friend of mine, a Christian man, he was a pastor, Pastor Hardy. He had a very strange experience. That wee man was in hospital once and the doctors pronounced him to be dead. So they took him out and laid him out on the slab but he was not dead at all. They sent a man down to prepare him for burial. And the man went in with a mug of hot water and a wobbling brush to shave the corpse. And Pastor Hardy said to me, "Ian, I prayed that I could let him know I was living. I was so weak I could not move, and I said, 'Lord, help me to wink my eyes.'" And the man got the brush in his hand and he was going to apply the soap and the corpse winked its eye. Man, he threw that wobbling brush in the air and he broke the mug and he ran out and he said, "He is living." The doctor said, "You are a fool." He replied, "I am not." They sent for the nurses and the doctors and he was living. They did not keep him in the dead house, they got him back to bed. He lived twenty-five years after that.

I want to tell you friend. Let me tell it to you, you do not stay in the dead house when you get life. Thank God, people have got out of the dead house.

Man, you are quite content. You like the shroud do you not? You do not know any better, for you are dead, you are in the grave. You do not know any better, for you are in the tomb. Every sinner is characterised by deadness.

You say, "All right preacher, I will accept that. You said there are six characteristics?" Sure!

UNCLEANNESS

Have a look at it again. The second thing is uncleanness. He had an unclean spirit: Uncleanness.

That takes us to the Old Testament. The first time the word "unclean" is mentioned. Violation of the law made a man unclean.

Do you remember the lepers? They cried out "Unclean, unclean, unclean." They were not allowed to come into the camp lest the leprosy of their uncleanness should contaminate the rest of the tribes of Israel.

My friend tonight, God blows the trumpet before your soul sinner, and that trumpet says, "Unclean, unclean, unclean." You are an unclean soul and there is not a man or woman who has not the Blood of Christ on their hearts who can claim cleanness. It is only the Blood that makes sinners clean. If you have not touched the Blood, then you are characterised by uncleanness. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one. You came out of the bosom of an unclean race. Born in sin and shapen in iniquity. God does not see anything nice about you.

A man brought a soul into my meeting one night. He brought them into the room and said to me "Here is a person, and you know Mr. Paisley this is a real good person, although they are not saved." I said, "Do not tell lies. There is nobody good except they know Jesus." There is nothing nice about you in God's eyes. You are unclean. You are not a good person at all.

You say, "I am religious," but that does not make you good. The Pope is religious and I do not believe he is good. I want to tell you this, do not come off with it

and say you are religious and because of that you are clean. You can have all the garments, you can have all the garnishing of the temple and still be unclean. Read one of the Old Testament prophets, "and I saw one of the high priests and he was clothed in filthy rags." You could be as high up the ecclesiastical ladder as you can, but if you are not saved you are unclean.

Maybe you are getting the message. Maybe you are beginning to see that this poor devil-possessed man in the tomb, yes he is like you.

The first characteristic, deadness. The second characteristic, uncleanness.

LAWLESSNESS

Look at it again, at verses three and four! Lawlessness! They tried to fetter him. They tried to make him conform to the law. They tried to make him conform to law and order. He broke the chains, he smashed the fetters. He lived in a state of perpetual lawlessness. Sin is lawlessness, that is what the Bible says.

Friend, you are not only characterised by deadness, you are not only characterised by uncleanness, but you are characterised by lawlessness. You are a law breaker.

You say, "I have not broken all the commandments." No need to, "He that is guilty in one point, is guilty of them all." You only need to offend in one point to be a law breaker. I just need to break one law and that is it. I am a law breaker. There is not a man or woman here who has not broken some of the laws of God. In fact if you examined your heart and the spirituality of God's

law, you would have to hang your head in shame and you would find it hard to discover one law you have not broken. But let me say even if you have kept every law, as long as you have only broken one, you are characterised by lawlessness.

NAKEDNESS

The fourth characteristic is nakedness. Luke chapter eight and verse twenty-seven, he could not keep his clothes on, he was exposed.

Nothing can cover your sin, nothing can cover it.

You remember Adam tried to sew fig leaves together and make himself an apron to cover up his sin, but God saw his sin. You cannot hide your sin from God. Man, sin will out. I tell you at the end of the day all sin will be exposed. Maybe you think you have got it all nicely put away. Maybe you think, like Achan, you have buried it in the centre of your tent and no one will ever find it. You have it all covered up, and it is all forgotten, and it is locked in the cupboard of memory and you have thrown away the key. Do not believe it, God will discover to you your nakedness on the day of judgment. What a day that will be, when every sin that men have committed will rise up to confront them at the judgment bar of God.

Praise God, on that day none of my sins will be exposed. Thank God they all gone in the Blood of Christ. Gone forever, that is what God can do for you.

Here was a man and his fourth characteristic was nakedness.

RESTLESSNESS.

The fifth characteristic, look at verse five, "And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying." Restlessness! There is no rest for the wicked, they are like the troubled sea that cannot rest. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

You say "I am not too bad. I have no trouble with my conscience." Your conscience will waken some day.

There was a man in this town of Ballymena, I knew him well. And when he was a young boy he did a terrible sin, he committed a terrible crime. He had not a qualm of conscience, he had no disturbance. And he lived until he was over fifty years of age and his conscience never disturbed him. He was well known and he was undisturbed. And then after he turned fifty his conscience awoke and my, what an awakening it was. I have sat with that man down in 16 Waveney Road, in my father's home, and that man wept and sobbed and cried until his frame shook as if a great hand had him by the scruff of the neck and was shaking the heart out of him. He had an awakened conscience. He said, "O, that I had never committed that sin. What a fool I was in my boyhood to put my hand to such a crime. If I had only known now that I am fifty I would have hell on earth I would never have done it." And for weeks that man felt the pangs of hell in his soul and body. I did my best to comfort him with the comfort of the gospel, but there seemed no light in the midst of his hell's midnight. And one day, thank God, the peace of God came and his great sin was covered in the Blood. He entered into peace with God through Jesus Christ. I shall remember that man until my

dying day. What a thing it is when conscience wakes up.

Your conscience, sir, will wake up one day. If it does not wake in time, it certainly will wake up in God's Eternity. Down in hell every sinner feels the pangs of an awakened conscience. It is the serpent that never dies, it is the worm that never dies, it is the fire that is never quenched.

This man, night and day, was filled with restlessness. (Mark five and verse five). Perhaps you know a little about that. You have run, sinner, from one pleasure to another have you not? You have run from one house of sin to another house of sin. You have run to one iniquity after another. You have tried to get some rest. You have tried to get some peace, but peace will not come. Why? Because you are a sinner. There is no peace for sinners. There is no peace from sin for unrepented sinners.

Look at verse five again. He was a madman. He cut himself with stones, for he was mad.

I want to tell you, every sinner who is going to hell is touched with the madness of the pit. It is only a madman would go to hell. It is only a man out of his real senses and every sinner is possessed to a degree with the devil.

In a meeting one night I said that and a man said to me afterwards, "I do not believe you." I said, "You turn to Ephesians chapter two and it says of the believers, "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, that spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." So every sinner to a degree is possessed with the devil. That is why you are

a fool friend. Any man who rejects Christ is a fool. The man that goes to hell is a fool. The man who turns his back on Heaven is a fool. Madness! That is the characteristic of a sinner.

I hope you are having a look at yourself man. You thought you were not a bad fellow. Maybe you thought you could stand muster. Oh, you have got all these characteristics, deadness, uncleanness, lawlessness, nakedness, restlessness, madness.

Tell me, who can do a job here? Man tried and man failed. Man tried to bind him with fetters, put the rule of law on him and failed completely. "Neither could any man tame him." No man can save the human soul. No power on earth can do anything for the sinner, but Jesus can do it.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SATAN

I want to talk about the destruction of Satan. You know how it came about? It came about with the appearance of Jesus. Jesus came on the job. It is a great thing when the Lord comes on the job, because something happens. The Lord had the first word. But I want you to notice that when Jesus came on the job, the sinner was automatically and magnetically drawn to Jesus. Oh, there is drawing power in Christ: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Lord Jesus draw men to yourself tonight! Make that the prayer of our hearts, that out into this meeting may flow from the Cross of Christ, the magnetism of Jesus drawing men to Christ. If you do not make contact with Christ, you are lost.

Jesus had visited the country of the Gadarenes and if this man had never made contact with Jesus he would still have been a lost soul. But he was drawn mysteriously, supernaturally, wonderfully and, praise God, eternally to Jesus.

Is it not wonderful when the sinner meets with Christ the devil has got to go. He cannot abide in the heart when the Lord Jesus Christ is around.

I want you to look at this chapter, it is a series of prayers. Some prayers are not answered because they are not according to God's will. There is a prayer in verse ten, "And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country."

The old devil wants away from Jesus. He cannot stand up to the Lord's presence. My, when the Lord comes the devil has to go.

I used to tell them in my church that every Sunday morning the devil gets up early and he sends off his devils to do his job. And he used to send a wee devil up the Ravenhill Road and he would say, "Now you look after Paisley's congregation. There is not many of them. They will not do any harm. They are nice, orthodox, fundamentalist people. Watch them. See that they do not do any harm." And one morning the fire of God fell on my church and that wee devil got the biggest hiding he ever got. Man, when he got back to his father the devil, he was almost torn asunder. The old devil says, "What happened you?" He replied, "Oh, I will not go back there again. Something has happened in that church." And man, something had happened! After two days of prayer and two nights of prayer, God had baptised some of us with real power and things started to

happen. Sinners started to get saved, God's people started to rejoice. I like to think when the devil is doing the job now, he has to send a whole battalion up the Ravenhill Road to keep a bit of order. And thank God they flee, Hallelujah! And they are back every Sunday saying, "It is no good devil. They are still getting saved there."

Man, I am sure the old devil sent a few wee consumptive devils to the Town Hall at the beginning of these meetings. And he said, "Now do not be worrying. It will be just another wee evangelistic campaign and nothing will happen." And some of the devils said, "I am not so sure. You know those people have been praying. Maybe something will happen." After the first day in this hall the devil got a good hiding. Sinners came down this aisle and people got saved, and you know what the devil is doing? He is counting up his family now. He says, "I have lost one hundred and thirty-nine children. I will have no children left if it keeps on like this."

Oh, when Jesus comes, the devil has to go. I have seen Jesus come to a home. I am thinking of a home now where the man was a tyrant, a drunard, an immoral man, an evil-speaking man, a vile man. And when he went home, his wife hastily retreated to the bedroom and locked the door and huddled in a corner as he cursed in his cups and his blasphemy. One day, thank God, that man (they called him Jack) got gloriously saved. When he came home, and when his wife saw him coming she ran upstairs, as she always did, and got the wee ones into the bedroom and locked the door. He came up the stairs and he called her by her christian name, (he had not called her that for many a day). He said, "You need not fear, you have got a new husband. I have found Jesus."

She did not believe him. And after a while she opened the door and that big man just stood there and wept. And he said, "I have been a bad husband to you. I have been a bad father to the children that God gave me. I have wrecked and I have cursed and I have almost destroyed you. But in coming days I will make it up ten-fold." I was in that man's home not so long ago and, man, the wife is waiting for him now when he comes home. The children are happy to be in their dad's company. Why? Jesus has come! that is why.

Man, it is a great thing when the Lord comes. He destroys the devil.

The Lord did not answer that first prayer. He did not send them out of the country. He was going to give them a swimsuit instead.

We come to verses twelve and thirteen, "And all the devils besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave." He answered that prayer. Why? Because He wanted to put the unclean into the unclean. Light produces light, so the Lord answered that prayer. That was one of the devil's prayers the Lord answered. You did not know that the devil's prayers are answered. Yes! That is a prayer the devil uttered that God answered. It is a wonderful Book this Bible.

Look at verses seventeen and eighteen, there is another prayer: "And they began to pray Him to depart out of their coasts."

Do you not see, friend, when the Lord starts working, my the ungodly do not like it. They say, "Lord Jesus, go away." And the Lord goes away. It is a very dangerous thing to tell the Lord to go away.

I had a young woman listened to my preaching in the early days of my ministry, and she was under deep conviction of sin. And I remember as the people got saved, she used to weep and tremble. Then one Sunday evening she came back to the service and I noticed a tremendous change. She was no more concerned, frivolity and lightness had overtaken her. At the end of the service I called her into the prayer room and I said, "What has happened to you? Last Sunday night you were concerned, you wept, you were moved, but you did not come. There is a great change." She said, "You are right. As I went home last Sunday night I knew I should have taken Christ as my Saviour. There was a voice speaking within me saying, 'Come to Jesus and forsake the world.' I went home, I could not eat any supper, I went to bed and pulled the blankets over my ears and tried to quench that voice, but it became louder and louder, 'Come to Jesus, forsake the world.' In the middle of the night I could stick it no longer and I got out of my bed and knelt down and I said, 'Holy Ghost leave me. Quit speaking to me. Do not speak again.' And suddenly the voice stopped. I have had peace ever since and I will never be back to church, for I realise tonight that this is no place for me. I am not a bit interested." ("They desired Him to depart out of their coasts"). That is nearly thirty years ago, and to this day that young woman has never felt a pang, as far as I know, about the things of God or Eternity. Does she carry in her body a damned soul that has committed the unpardonable sin? I do not know, God only knows that.

To pray to God to leave you, man! He will answer it. He will leave you. And some of you have been mighty

near to it these past nights. You have been saying "Lord, I am not coming. I am not coming down the aisle. I am not putting up my hand. I am not going to be saved." Take care, there may come a day that you will want to be saved and there will be no salvation for you. You say, "What are you talking about preacher?" I am talking about what God is talking about. He says, "Because I have called and ye have refused. I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded it. Some day ye shall call and I will refuse. And I will laugh at your calamity and I will mock when your fear cometh." Listen, a mocking God in Heaven and a damned soul in hell. Is there anything more tragic than that? Take care it is not you friend, take care it is not you!

Here is another prayer that was not answered. It is the same man, verses eighteen and nineteen, he says "Lord, I just want to be with you."

Now there are things that we want that the Lord will not give us. It was a proper prayer. It is a nice prayer to want to be with Jesus. You see that man had duties. And the duties were that he should go home and tell. And the Lord said, "No, you are not coming with me. You have a job to do, you have to go home."

Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, pictures the day when that man came home. He had been driven from his home, his wife and family had asked the men in the village to put him out. He was mad, they asked them to drive him from the village. One day with stones and sticks the villagers took him and they hammered him and they beat him until they drove him to the tombs of the mountain. They warned him never to come near the place again. And one day on the outskirts of

that village there arose a cry. Now, he walked as a man who had seen the angels of God. When he came to the home, he stopped and called his wife by her name, and he said, "Something has happened. I have met Jesus of Nazareth." That woman with trembling fingers undid the barricades of the door. She looked out at a new man in Christ.

Christmas Evans says: "What a happy day that was in Decapolis. He published the great things that the Lord had done for him."

"Oh, what a change since Jesus came into this town,

The devil has been wearing a frown,
Many hearts have been changed,
Many homes re-arranged,
Since Jesus came into our town."

I trust He will come into this Town Hall tonight. He will change a lot of things, He will change homes and change hearts.

Let me show you the deliverance of the sinner. I have shown you the degradation of sin, the destruction of Satan, let me show you the deliverance of the sinner.

Three things, he was in his right place, sitting. The restlessness has gone. He has got peace at last, he is not running around the mountains now. He is sitting, peace has come.

I wish I could tell you what the peace of Jesus means to me. I have been in a few tight places in my day, I have been in jail twice. I am an unrepentant jailbird, I have no repentance. If I had to do the same thing at the General Assembly I would do it again. If I had to do

the same thing in Armagh, I would do it again. Yes! I have no repentance. I am glad that I did it, I am not a Johnny-come-lately loyalist. I have been in this fight for a long time, all my days. I laugh at some voices you hear raised today. I wonder where they were when the first shot was fired. They were probably not out of their nappies, still sucking the bottle, and they did not get enough orange juice anyway! I have been around a few corners, and I want to tell you that the best thing you can have is the peace of Jesus. Rest from sin, Rest from fear of the past, and fear of the present and fear of the future. Blessed rest in Jesus. This man is sitting. He is not running around anymore. Thank God, he is sitting down. The whole quest of restlessness is over, he is in the right place.

He is in the right apparel, he is now clothed. When the Lord meets you, He clothes you, with a beautiful garment of righteousness. It covers all the uncleanness. How beautiful the saints appear to Jesus, for they are covered in His own garments. He has brought me to His own wardrobe, He has taken out His best suit and He has put it upon my poor, naked, sin-scarred, sin-soiled, sin-stained body. I am covered, clothed in the righteousness of Christ, Hallelujah! What a clothing to be clothed in the righteousness of Christ.

Look at the other thing, he is in his right mind. Yes! What does it say? It says that he is sitting and clothed and in his right mind. The madness has gone, he is no longer a fool. He is a wise man, he has seen the folly of his ways. He has said, "My old companions fare ye well, I will not go with you to hell, I mean with Jesus

now to dwell, Won't you come?" He said farewell to the old way of doing things. He is a surprise to himself.

If I had told you a fortnight ago that you would be a changed man tonight and at the prayer meetings at six in the morning to pray, you would have said, "Paisley, you are a madman." But you are a surprise to yourself. Man, there have been changed homes. One brother was praying the other night. He said, "Lord, I am floating." I said, "Float upward brother. Do not be floating down. Just float upward." Amen! He had felt the thrill. Oh, you laugh! But I could not tell you of the thrill of being saved. Man, what a thrill to be in your right mind, to be clothed, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Tell me, is that where you are? Are you out in the mountains wild and bare tonight, away from the tender Shepherd's care?

Look at the demands of the Saviour. He said "Go home and testify. Tell your friends. If ye believe in your heart and confess with your mouth, ye shall be saved."

The man went home, and oh the delights. I would love to have heard that man preach. Some day we will hear his testimony! It will be a great day when we meet him. I will say, "I preached about you friend, about the devil in a pigskin swimsuit." We will sit down with that old sinner who was once possessed with the devil, the preacher will sit down under the evergreen tree that grows in the midst of the paradise of God, and we will talk it o'er together by and by. What a place Heaven is. At times I am homesick for the Glory Land. When you are battling on here and the road to Heaven is rough, and there are thorns and cutting stones by the way, it is not an easy road we are travelling to Heaven, and

many are the thorns by the way. But some day the gates will open, and we will say good-bye to earth with its sins and we will say, "Welcome to Heaven." And God will say, "Welcome Home" and we will see Jesus. Man, what a shout I am going to give when I see Jesus!

If you are in Heaven it will be well you will have celestial ears, for the drums would burst with the shout I am going to give when I see my lovely Christ. The One Who went up Calvary's Hill with a cross on His back and a pang in His soul. The One Who bore my burden on His own Body to the tree. I am going to clasp His feet and feel the imprint of the nails; and gaze upon that face until glory, glory, thrills my celestial glorified soul. We will bathe in the fulness of God. Man, what a day that will be. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for those that love Him. You my poor foolish sinner, are choosing darkness instead of that wonderful light. You are choosing the dungeon instead of the palace. Damnation instead of the glorification of the saints.

"I am going Home to Glory soon,
To see the City Bright,
To walk the golden streets of Heaven,
And bask in God's own Light,
But you my friend are out of Christ,
You are held by many a snare,
I cannot leave you lost and lone,
I want you over there."

I tell you, I want you over there. Come on friend, start for Heaven. Get saved tonight. Get God's peace.

Then it will be brightness today, and greater brightness
tomorrow and exceeding brightness for evermore.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
HELL

HELL

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."
— Luke 16:23.

The gospel according to Luke, chapter sixteen and the verse twenty-three, the first sentence or clause of that text, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

I want to speak on one of the most solemn of subjects. In fact I could not take a more solemn and terrifying subject for my discourse as this subject of hell.

As I come to preach this message, I have two characteristics compelling me to preach it.

First of all could I say that I come with no lightness of heart, I come with no flippancy of attitude to talk about this most solemn and terrifying, Biblically revealed subject.

I can never understand, and it is one thing that puzzles me, how men can make a jest about hell, how men can make light of hell, how men can make a joke about hell. When you hear about a home burned to the ground, and it is recorded in the news headlines that mother and father and all the children were burned to a cinder in that tragedy, you do not stop to laugh. Oh, there is a choking sensation in your throat, a tear comes to your eye when you think of the terribleness of such a death and such a conflagration. Aye, when you hear about a ship that is caught up in the storm, and it is thrown against the rocky reefs until its timbers and its sides are smashed, and the whole crew and passengers go down

to a briny grave, you do not laugh when that happens. No, you get a lump in your throat, you get a tear in your eye. When you hear about a thundering express hurtling from the line, and bringing the carriages containing the passengers down to impending doom and certain disaster, you do not make a joke about it, you do not laugh about it, you do not make it a subject of a ribald jest.

I can never understand, when I think of what hell really means, that men and women, boys and girls, shall be tormented in the flames of hell fire for evermore, where the worm never dies and the fire is not quenched, where there is not a drop of water to cool a tormented, burning tongue, when the gate never opens to let a blistered, tormented soul out. It is for all eternity. I can never understand how anybody could make light of that, or make a jest of it, or make a joke of it and shrug their shoulders and pass on unaffected and unmoved.

The second characteristic that motivates me to preach on this subject is one of no apology. I have no apology to make for preaching an old-fashioned subject, this old-fashioned subject of hell.

Of course, the pulpits in this land are largely silent on this subject. Of course, the modernists and apostate preachers in those pulpits, do not believe the Bible, therefore they do not believe in hell. I know those among modern evangelicals that talk about their intellectualism and their educational attainments, and they pour scorn on the old-fashioned Biblical doctrine of hell.

My friend, let me tell you, hell is a fact. Men do die, men do go to hell. There is a hell, and God says there is a hell, the Bible says there is a hell. Jesus says there is a hell, the prophets of God say there is a hell. The

apostles of the New Testament say there is a hell, and down deep in the inner consciences of every one of us we know there is a hell. As the Word is preached, there is conviction of the truth that there is a hell.

There are two things that can happen as we preach about hell. First, of all, God's people can get stirred up. And I would like to see God's people stirred up as I preach oh this message. Let me tell you dear believer, if you do not get that unconverted father of yours saved, if you do not get those unconverted children into Christ, let me tell you, they are going to be in hell for all eternity. We need to stir up the people of God. We need to have done with the apathy. We need to have done with the worldliness. We need to have done with the love of temporal things and the love of things and time, home, family, business, the love of our own bodies. And we need to be concerned because our neighbours, friends, our loved ones, our companions are in danger of hell. May God write it in your heart believer. May you be stirred up this afternoon. May you no longer sit unconcerned, unmoved as you hear me preach on hell. And may it be burned into your heart, "My boy will go there if he is not saved. My daughter will go there if she is not saved. My father, my mother, my friends, my neighbours, my loved ones, my wife, my husband will go there if they are not saved." May it be burned into your heart this afternoon and may the tears come, and may God's people start praying as we preach. May God start moving in the hearts of the saints, as we preach the Word.

The second thing is, when hell is preached upon, the sinners are stirred up.

"Flee from the wrath to come." Oh, I am glad that great revivals came, in the history of the church, when this subject was preached on. I can think of that New England congregation many years ago in the United States of America. A formal church, a church of wealthy colonisers of the United States, they came there on the Sabbath Day as they had always come, and they took their usual seats in the pew. The preacher stood up to preach, nay, he could not preach. He read his sermon, he had inferior eyesight and he used strong spectacles. He had to hold his manuscript right up to his eyes and his face was hidden. And he announced his text, a solemn one, "Their feet shall slide in due time." He announced his subject, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." Old Jonathan Edwards, the great scholar of the church that he was, started to read that sermon, and as he read, the power of God came down on that formal, well established, congregational meeting house. Strong men held on to the doors of the pews, and cried out, "Stop sir, and get us out from this place that you are preaching on." They stood up and held on to the pillars that held up the roof of the church, and bent over with great conviction, and wept and cried and shrieked in agony of the moving of the Spirit of God. It was the birth of a great awakening.

May God send such an awakening as I preach here this afternoon. I believe in the Holy Ghost; Come Blessed Spirit of God, Author of revival, and as these lips of clay propound the solemn subject of hell, back it home with your power. We are powerless, we can do nothing, but the Blessed Spirit of God can do everything. May He breathe in this place this afternoon. May there be a

wind of God up there in the gallery, and down in these pews and here on this platform this afternoon. And may God stir up sinners until this sermon is punctuated with the sobs and tears of men, anxious to escape the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched. Stir up the saved, Lord! Stir up the sinners!

I want to ask three simple questions. I want to ask the question, "Is there a hell?" I want to establish the absolute truthfulness of this subject.

Secondly, I want to ask the question, "What sort of place is hell?" What is this place called hell? What are its characteristics? What sort of a place is the perdition of the damned? Let me talk about that question.

Thirdly, I want to ask the question, "Can I escape from going to hell?" It is the most important question we could ask at the end of the meeting.

First of all, is there a hell?

It does not matter what Ian Paisley thinks about that. He started to breathe a few years ago, and in a few short years, weeks, hours, maybe minutes, he will breathe no more.

I know there are great preachers who have said there is a hell, but that does not establish it. Great religious teachers have erred and have proved their fallibility in their erring ways and in the falsehoods they proclaim. I know the Protestant Churches in their great confessions, The Westminster Confession of Faith for the Presbyterians. The Thirty-Nine Articles for the Episcopalians, The Savoy Confession for the Congregationalists, and Wesley's Sermons for the Methodists. They all say there is a hell. But after all, these are man-made creeds, these are creeds propounded and drawn up by man. We know

that the creeds of men can fail, and the creeds of the best of men can fail.

The greatest of preachers have preached it, the greatest of preachers have taught it, the greatest of philosophers have expounded it. That does not and cannot settle the question. There is only One Who can settle this question, and that is God and God alone. He is the only One Who can absolutely put this question beyond all dispute. He is the only One Who can tell us in clear, unmistakable language, there is a hell.

You go out of this hall this afternoon, look around you and you will see buildings, you will see motor cars in the street, you will see the roadway and the pathway along which you walk. These things did not just come. Workmanship is all about you, and workmanship infers a workman. A workman with wisdom enough, and skill enough and power enough to make the things your eyes behold. He must have skill enough and wisdom enough to produce the goods to prove his workmanship.

I have before me a Book. It is like no other book. It is a Book that has outlived all the criticism that has been hurled against it. This Book has been burned, but lo, today there is not a scorched page in it, there is not a burned leaf in it and there is not a smoke-filled word in it. Why? It has stood the test of burning. This Book has been cut asunder by the critics' penknife. Every page of it has become the object of the sneer of the ungodly and the full malice of the devil himself. But, thank God, it is one whole Book today. It has stood against the criticism, and the antagonism, and the enmity of hell and evil men. This Book infers that someone wise enough and great enough and holy enough pro-

duced it. It was not man that produced this Book. No, the books of men perish. If it had been man's book it would have perished long ago. If it had been man's production, it would have been buried a hundred times over. If it had been man's production, it would have been burned a thousand times over. Ah, praise God, this is more than the book of man, this is the Book of God. It towers over the centuries, it overshadows the milleniums of men. It is the Unchangeable, Infallible, Truthful Word of God. It is the only Book that I can go to this afternoon, for a sure word of prophecy, for something that is Infallible, for something that cannot be challenged.

Let me say something to you. If you say you do not believe in hell, you cannot accept this Book. Fifty-six times in that Book, in the most plain, most unmistakable most clear-cut language, God has recorded there is a hell. If God had said it once, it would put it beyond all doubt. If God had burned one red warning on life's road, put ten red warning lamps about hell on the road of life, I would have been bound to heed those warning lights. But God has lit fifty-six burning lights down the pathway of my life. Every warning light from the Bible is beaming out this word, "There is a hell." So if you do not believe there is a hell, then you cannot hold unto the Bible.

If you go home today and you say you do not believe in hell, take the Bible out of your home. Do not let your children handle it, do not go to a church where it is read. Come on, be honest friend, if you are going to be honest and say "I do not believe there is a hell." Get rid of the Bible!

You say, "I do not like that. I like to have the Bible. I like to have it in my home. I like my children to read it." Well then friend, start heeding it. It is not enough to read it, You have got to heed it.

I tell you, this Book says, fifty-six times, there is a hell.

Let me say something else to you. If you do not believe there is a hell, you do not believe there is a Heaven. You say, "Oh, I do. I believe there is a Heaven." How do you know? Your only basis for believing in Heaven is the Bible. The same basis by which you must believe in hell. You cannot have it both ways. You cannot say, "I will have Heaven. But I will not have hell." The same authority that tells you there is a Heaven, tells you there is a hell.

Let me put it farther. There is more authority for believing in hell than in Heaven. Why do I say that? Twenty-eight times this Bible tells me there is a place of everlasting love for the redeemed. Twenty-eight times this Bible tells me of the Land that is fairer than day, of God's City that lies foursquare, of the place where the redeemed of God stay forever. But sixty-one times this Book tells me of wrath and judgment upon sin. That God is not only One of love, but He is One of justice. God is a God of action and by Him actions are weighed. He will by no means clear the guilty. Let me tell you friend, the evidence for hell is more overflowing, more overwhelming than the evidence for Heaven. So if you say, "I am going to believe in Heaven, I have to believe in hell." It is no use saying you are going to dodge the column and say, "I will not believe it." If you believe in heaven, you have got to believe that there is a hell.

If you do not believe that there is a hell, you do not believe in Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus Christ was a hell fire preacher. If there is no hell, Christ was a liar, and an impostor, and He did not speak the truth. I believe Christ was the Truth, I believe that Christ always spoke the Truth, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Sinless Son of God. Thirteen times, in His ministry, the Lord Jesus Christ spoke about hell, described its torments, described its darkness and described the doom of people that go there. But **only once**, in all His ministry, did the Lord Jesus Christ **describe** Heaven. (John fourteen). "In my Father's House are many mansions."

It is thirteen to one in the ministry of Jesus. What does that mean? That means for every one sermon I preach about Heaven, I should preach thirteen sermons, about hell. That every time I stand up and preach one sermon on God's love, I should preach thirteen sermons about God's wrath. That every time I tell men of the glories of the redeemed, I should, thirteen times, tell men of the terrors of the damned.

Oh, there is a terrible emphasis in that Book about hell. There is an awful emphasis, a horrifying and a frightening emphasis, in that Holy Book, on hell.

You better sit up and listen sinner. You better take heed to what God is saying in this Book about hell.

Let us come from the scriptures, let us just exercise our reason. You go up the Crumlin Road, there is a building there known as Her Majesty's Prison. I was there twice. Let me tell you, I was standing outside that prison, and a man came up and said to me, "It is a terrible thing that men lock up their fellow men. That men sentence their fellow men to go behind the bars of

that place." I have a prison service every Sabbath morning, and sometimes I have felt very embarrassed, fellows come to you and when you ask them how long they are in for. They say, "I am a lifer. I will never be out." A man says, "Why do men lock up their fellows for life?" Oh, but there is a law, and the law of man says if you commit a crime, if you break that law, if you violate that commandment, then you are going to be in trouble and you are going to be punished.

Do you know what hell is? Hell is the great prison house of the ages. Hell is God's great asylum for rebels, and for sinners and for criminals of every kind. He could not be just, He could not be a Holy God, He could not be a true God if there was not punishment for the violations of His law. There is a hell.

You better face up to it now. You better put away all your folly. The old devil does not want you to believe it. No, it is for him to deceive you and get you to hell. Oh, friend, face it. Is there a hell? Yes! The Bible says it, God says it, Jesus says it, reason and conscience says it. It is an infallible fact, an impregnable truth, a firm foundation. There is a hell. Get that message this afternoon. Do not try and get away from it.

I want to ask a second question: What sort of place is hell? First of all, hell is a place. Pay attention! Hell is a place of unending pain. Hell is a place of unending pain. There are different types of pain. There is mental pain. That is a terrible thing. And I have sat in many a home, and the father and mother have no physical pain whatsoever, but a son or daughter has gone astray and the father and mother are broken with mental anguish. I want to tell you, it is far worse than bodily anguish.

Some drug or medicine can help a man with bodily affliction, but what shall we say to the person whose whole inward soul is caught up in the flame of mental anguish, mental agony and mental pain.

Then, of course, there is physical pain, the pain of the body. I have gone down hospital wards many a night, and it seems at night physical pain is increased. As the night shadows gather, poor stricken souls in the hospitals feel their pain. I have stood at the bedside of men and women and the pain was so tremendous that there came a shriek from the pillow, the soul of the man crying out because of physical pain.

I want to tell you, in hell there is mental pain. In hell there is physical pain, but in hell it is eternal pain. That sufferer in the hospital ward hopes that when the sun dawns on the coming day, there will be some easement, there will be some relief, some place of rest from the pain. The parents hope with the passing of time that that wound will heal, and although a scar will be left, there will be some rest from their mental pain. But poor damned souls in hell are in pain for evermore. They lift up their blistered hands, they look out of the furnace of flames, and they read across the great dome of the damned, "Wrath forever, wrath forever, wrath forever." If they get to the doors of that prison house, they see stamped on the doors the word, "Everlasting." They pick up the chains that tie those doors and they read the word on every link of those chains "Everlasting." If they examine the lock that fastens that door, they see stamped with the handiwork of God, on that lock, "Everlasting." There is no rest in hell, there is no place of peace in hell — it is the place of unending pain.

When I was a boy I used often to go to the cliff face of some quarry or stand at the cliff face that ran down to the shore. I used to take a pebble and throw it over the cliff face, and I used to listen, to hear the echo coming up when that little pebble reached the bottom of the chasm. Did you ever do that when you were a child? I did it many times, and the echo came back.

I have stood, men and women, on the verge of hell. I have taken up these words that are as pebbles, wretchedness, torment, anguish, pain, pangs, and I have thrown them over the precipice, and I have waited to see if there was any answering echo but hell fire is without a bottom. I have never found an answer, for those words are totally inadequate to echo back to my ear the darkness and the terribleness of unending pain in hell.

Sir, you will be punished for all eternity. You will never escape. You will never get out. You will never be set free. It is forever.

Secondly, it is a place of vile companionship.

In this Town Hall this afternoon there are good respectable people. There are moral living people, fine church members, who would not use a dirty word, who would not do a dirty deed, who would not use an unclean expression, who have walked the clean side of the broad road all the days of their lives. But I want to tell you, when you get to hell you will not choose your company then. Hell is a place of vile companionship. The slain of all ages through sin are in hell. It is a place of vile companionship.

There is a word over in the Book of the Revelation, and when I read that word my heart is stirred to the very depths of my soul. That word tells me of the

people that shall not be in heaven, they shall be in hell. Listen to them, "The fearful," they will be in hell. Is that you? You are afraid of what your friends would say tomorrow. You are afraid of what your friends would say today. You are afraid of what your companions would say. Is that not right? Fearful! You will be in hell, fearful soul. And the "unbelieving." Oh, you say, "I cannot believe." You can believe, because believing and receiving are the same thing. And if you receive Christ, then you will have believed on His Precious Name. The unbelieving will be in hell! Who else will be there? "The murderers, the whoremongers, the sorcerers, the idolators and all liars." A place of vile companionship. The brothels empty their rejects into hell. The public house empties its refuse into hell. The gambling den pushes its rejects over the precipice into the pit of hell. What a vile place hell is, the vile of all ages, the criminals of all generations. The wicked people of all days, and months, and years, and millenniums and centuries of time, they will all be in hell. You will not choose your company then friend. You will be with the vile people of this old world.

A place of unending pain, a place of vile companionship, a place of tormenting memory. You will remember this meeting, you will remember this meeting better than the preacher. You will remember every face that you looked at on this platform. You will remember my friend, how we sang, "Over the deadline tonight." You will remember the preacher as he preached, Mr. Beggs as he prayed the prayer and Mr. McCrea as he sang. You will remember it all. You will have a memory in hell, and you know what you will say down yonder in the

pit, sir? You will say "I sold heaven cheap. I could have been in heaven. That afternoon in the Town Hall I could have been saved, I could have been in Christ, I could have been born again. I turned my back on Jesus, I turned a deaf ear to what the preacher said. I went down the Town Hall steps and oh, God, I went over the deadline, and now I am in hell." Oh, you will have a memory then friend.

Jesus said, "Abraham said, son remember." You will take your memory to hell. You will not take your money, you will not take your religion. You will not take your good deeds, you will not take your standing in society, but you will take your memory. That is part of the baggage that every lost soul takes over the river of death.

Your mother prayed for you, but you would not listen to her. You will remember your mother's tears. Your father's prayers will be remembered. You will remember how that godly old man used to kneel down and ask God to save you. What is more, you will remember that faithful minister who pled with you, sir, to come to Christ. You will remember him, and you will remember this gospel campaign when the Spirit of God was breathing. The men and women you knew came to Christ, some of your neighbours and some of your family. Father, your boy has been saved in this mission and you are not saved, you will remember that. Woman, your daughter has been saved at this mission, you will remember that. Your brothers and sisters have been saved in this mission, and you will remember it all. Tormenting memory. It will be like the lash of an unceasing whip. It will be the sting of a serpent that never dies and

never stops its biting in hell, for all eternity. Oh, friend, what a place. Oh, friend, what a fool you are to go to a place of never ending pain. To go to a place of vile companionship. To go to a place of tormenting memory.

Listen to it. It is a place of unsatisfied desires.

When you rise on the judgment day, sinner, you will rise with every appetite in your body that you have developed in your life of sin on earth. Yes! The drunkard will rise on the judgment day with his unsatisfying thirst for liquor. There will be boozers in hell, but no boozing. The unclean man will rise with the lust of the flesh upon him. There will be whoremongers in hell, but no whoremongering. I tell you, you will wake with all your sins upon you. Down in hell there is no repentance, down in hell, men become greater and more vile sinners every day.

The old Puritan said if you could put your ear to the door of hell, what language you would hear, what sins you would hear, what wickedness you would hear. Men going on deeper and deeper into their sin because they are lost, lost, for evermore.

How will you do on the judgment day with that evil habit still upon you, and no way to satisfy it. Oh, friend, hell is a terrible place.

I know I cannot stir an anxious thought within your heart. I can only state what God says.

Let me give you some of the language of the Bible. Hell is a "lake of fire," "a bottomless pit," a "horrible tempest." It is a place of sorrows where they wail, a place of weeping, a furnace of fire. A place of filthiness where they curse God. Everlasting destruction, a place of outer darkness where they have no rest, there is no

rest in hell, where they never repent, everlasting punishment. They gnaw with their tongues, the blackness of darkness forever, prepared for the devil and his angels. They cry for a drop of water, their breath in hell is a living flame, the Book tells us. They are tormented with fire and brimstone, there are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers and unbelievers there, where the worm dieth not, hell fire, chains of darkness, the second death and wrath to come. These are only a few of the things that the Book says about hell.

Friend, I could go down the English alphabet and I could go down every letter and describe to you hell. Hell is a place of anger, a place of anguish, a place of antagonism, a place of awfulness, a place of abuse, a place of accursed, a place of abomination, Hell is a place of burning, blasting, banishment, blackness, bitterness and of blasphemy. Hell is a place of condemnation, continual torment, consuming fire, cries, chains, calamity. Hell is a place of deceit, distance, devils, despair, desire, damnation. I could go on down the alphabet, and when I had finished I would not have exhausted enough adjectives to describe this place of hell.

Friend, without Christ, that is where you are heading. If this Book is true, and it is, if God is true, and He is, if Jesus Christ is true, and He is, hear me today in the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Let me tell you sinner, if you are not born again you will be in hell. It is time you woke up, it is time you stirred your sleeping soul. It is time to hasten away to Calvary and get saved from the wrath to come.

A final word and I am through. Can I escape Hell? Can I escape this place of woe, and this place of dam-

nation and this place of torments? The Lord Jesus Christ, by some called "Lord," by some called "Christ." And by some called "Jesus," but by me, I gladly acknowledge Him as the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man. He came down from heaven's heights. He climbed down that long ladder of humiliation. And when He came to earth, He lifted down that ladder and laid it upon His shoulder and came to the verge of hell. He lowered that ladder down into the depths of hell. He got on the top rung and descended right down into the depths of hell. He stepped off the bottom rung of that ladder, and He put His bare foot on the hottest coal on the furnace of fire. He cried "I thirst," He was thirsty in the heat of hell on Calvary's cross. He cried "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He felt the forsakenness of hell on Calvary's cross, but thank God, He cried, "It is finished." He came forth from that pit Bleeding, Broken and Scarred, Blistered, Lacerated and Broken. He came shouting, "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found the ransom." In His hand He carried the ransom, and the ransom was His Precious Blood.

I tell you men and women, through the Blood of Christ you can escape hell this afternoon. Through that cross there is pardon, through that Saviour there is life, through that Blood there is cleansing for all that come. Do not go to hell friend, come to Christ. I plead with you in the Saviour's Name. Just confess your sin and say "Lord, I am a sinner. I am bound for hell. Save me." If you are a backslider, just say, "Lord, I am a backslider. Save me." Thank God, He will do it. You will escape

hell forever, and you will start for heaven, and praise God, you will be in time. Make sure you make it this afternoon.

AMEN AND AMEN.

SERMON:

GOD'S HEAVEN

GOD'S HEAVEN

"And I saw a new heaven" Rev. 21:1.

"Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me hope and truth,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?

Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed?
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest.

Faith, hope and love,
Blest boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings
And said 'yes' in Heaven."

It is true, there is a place where weariness can find a rest. There is a place where the wounds of men can find an everlasting, healing balm. There is a resting place from sorrow, sin and death. That spot, that place is God's Heaven. I want to talk about it this evening.

If the Lord does not come, we are going to get to Heaven via the gateway of death. Death is the porter at the door. To Him the porter openeth. For us, one day death will open the door, from this Land of the Dying, and through its portals we will enter the Land of the Living.

This is not the land of the living, because every living one here is stamped with the hallmark, the brandmark of death. Yonder is the Land of the Living. For everyone there is hallmarked and brandmarked with life everlasting, a life which eternity cannot exhaust and all the power of Hell can never extinguish. So one day, through death, we will overcome death and enter into the place of life without death.

Of course, ungodly men do not like to think about death. They do not like to contemplate it. In fact, those that are not ready for Heaven, not prepared for the great eternity, not covered in the Blood of Christ, not sheltered, not clothed by the imputed, immaculate, eternal righteousness of God's Son, do not like to talk about death. They fight against it. They strive against it. They shriek and cry out against it.

I think of *Queen Elizabeth 1, the great Queen of England*, who made Protestant England a leading nation among the nations of Europe and the world. She was, however, an ungodly woman. She was an immoral woman, a woman without righteousness. As she lay on her Royal four-poster bed, with her courtiers around her in the hour of her death, she shrieked out, "All my possessions for one moment of time." But her possessions could not buy her another moment of time.

I think of *Hobbs, the great English infidel* who wrote, and campaigned and published against the gospel. The great Hobbs came to die. As he lay upon his death-bed, the bed shook under his trembling emaciated body and his last words were, "I am taking a leap into the dark."

How different is the death-bed of God's people! I think of *D. L. Moody the great soul-winner*. As he lay upon

his death-bed, he whispered, "Heaven is opening. Earth's receding. Christ is calling, I must go." What a difference.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his."

Do you remember what *John Wesley the old veteran Methodist founder*, said? He was an aged man with a frail body, and death came to take him. He cried out, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake in His likeness."

God's people have nothing to fear when they come to die.

I remember when our first little girl came. Of course, parents are always enamoured with their first child, and indeed with all their children. I like to tease my children by asking them who they love the best. They will never tell me whether they love me the best or their mother. I have a shrewd suspicion that they love their mother the best. For when they are in trouble it is mother they go to. Yes! I remember when Sharon was a babe, mother would get her ready for bed. Having washed her, dressed her and fed her, mother would lay her in the crook of her arm and put her to sleep downstairs. Then she would carry her upstairs and lay her in her cot. When she woke up, she was upstairs.

That is what death is to the child of God. Some day the gracious hand of Jesus will put me to sleep downstairs, downstairs in this old world with its pain and its trials, and its troubles, and its heartaches and its heart-breaks but when I awake, praise God, I will be upstairs. I will be up yonder in the Glory Land.

I tell you, I will let Heaven know about it when I get there, and every angel of God know about it too. That

is what death is to the believer, put to sleep downstairs, and arising from sleep upstairs.

I want to tell you what that upstairs is like. Because man has not been there, and he cannot tell you dogmatically what it is like. There is only One Who can tell us what Heaven is like, and that One is God Himself.

Thank God in His Book He has told us what Heaven is like. No human lips could ever describe the wonder of the place. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those that love Him." It could not even enter into my heart the glories and beauties of this place called Heaven. It is so outstandingly wonderful that my dim eyes could not even see it and my poor thinking ability could not even imagine it. The eye of man hath not seen, the ear of man has not heard, neither hath it entered into any man's heart, what God hath prepared. What a place it must be. What God hath prepared for those who love Him.

How many people does that text lock outside Heaven forever! You do not love Him. You are not in Christ. You do not love Him sir. You have never been to the cross and felt the Blood of Jesus in your heart. That text that is such a wonder to me, writes your death warrant and signs your committal to Hell forever. You do not love Him. Only for those who love Him, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard."

You know we have got seven "no mores" about heaven. Seven is the number of perfection in the Bible. In the two chapters which I read a part of with you, seven "no mores" are mentioned. I want just to glance at them.

I want to come to the last one. It says in the Bible that the last shall be first and the first shall be last. That is good scriptural order. We will look at the last one first. What does it say, Revelation chapter twenty-two and verse five. "There shall be no night there."

ONE — NO NIGHT THERE

When I was a boy in Sabbath School I learned a hymn, "There's no night there. You need not fear."

I am glad in Heaven that there is no night. The night is the time of fear. Statistics tell us that more people die in the night than during the hours of light. It is the time of death, the night season. Many a night I get a ring from the hospital. I get out of bed and I go to the hospital ward and see some suffering soul. I tell you, people suffer far more in the night than during the hours of day. Many a poor suffering man or woman has said to me, "Mr. Paisley, I wish the night was over. I wish the sun would arise. Oh, I dread the night, with the loneliness, and the shadows, and the fears, and the pangs of body and the agony of mind. I fear the night." Hallelujah! there is no night in Heaven! There will never be a man to say there, "I fear the night." For there is no night there. I am glad about that, that the sun does not shine or set in Heaven because the Lamb is everlastingly the light thereof.

Verse five of Revelation chapter twenty-two, "and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." Oh, what a day when nights are banished for evermore. The day shall break. and the shadows shall all flee away. My soul will dwell

in the light of God for evermore. What ecstasy! What rejoicing in His presence! What songs will ring out from the lips of the glorified in the full blaze of God's light! Every saint will say, "No night here! You need not fear!"

TWO — NO MORE CURSE

Look at the second one, verse three of the twenty-second chapter, "And there shall be no more curse."

Lift up your eyes and look over this old world. The curse is on it, is it not? There is a blight upon it. Look at our own Province with its scars and its shadows, with the people who are maimed, the people who are bereaved and the people who are plunged into the dark midnight of the depths of the curse. From the day that Adam sinned, to this day there has been a universal curse upon the world. I was born with the curse upon me. You were born with the curse upon you. The curse of a broken law.

The hymn-writer put it, "Every object pleases." When we look at the mountains, how wonderful they are. When we stare into the starry heavens, what a majestic vision comes across our eyes. When we look at man, "only man is vile." How vile man is!

I have gone into homes and I have seen the curse of liquor in those homes. What a curse liquor brings to a home. I have gone into homes and I have seen the curse of uncleanness and the scarlet sin. And what a curse the scarlet sin brings into a home. I have been in the isolated ward of the great hospital where men are shut away because they have contracted hideous diseases, as a re-

sult of their ungodly pleasures. As I have stood in those homes, and stood beside those beds and watched such men, I realised that there was a curse on the human race, the curse of sin, and what a curse it is.

I tell you, you will have no peace until you get your sin dealt with. You will never know ease of mind, and health of body, and joy of soul, until you get the curse of sin dealt with.

Blessed be the Name of the Lord there is a place where the curse has never entered. There is a place where there is no more curse. No broken homes in Heaven, Hallelujah! None of its inhabitants are bowed down beneath the curse. There are no souls there with hearts that ache because of the result of the curse of sin. "The curse has changed to blessing. The name on earth that's banned. Is graven on the white stone in Immanuel's Land."

There shall be no more curse. That is a great thing. But the greatest thing about it is this, the curse is everlastingly banished. It will never return. Not a soul who steps through Heaven's gates will ever know night again. Not a soul who goes through those gates will ever again feel the pang of the curse. There is no curse.

THREE — NO MORE PAIN

Look at verse four of the previous chapter, "neither shall there be any more pain." What a verse is that. No more pain.

Oh, I would love to walk into those hospital wards and announce to the people that I have got a medicine that could cure every pain. Although there are nurses galore,

and doctors galore and drugs galore, men still suffer pain. There is nothing which leaves one so helpless as to see a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, or a child in pain. What a terrible thing pain is.

I want to tell you, the worst pain of all is the mental pain that comes because of the agony of others.

I have stood at a little baby's cot, and I have seen father and mother in pain because their little child is suffering unmentionable agony. As the baby's body quivered under the lash of pain, it was the mother's heart which felt every stroke. It was the father's heart which felt every pang. Mothers and fathers you know something about it, do you not?

Maybe, dear mother, when the Lord took that little babe from you, and transferred it to the Father's House and planted that precious flower afresh in the Garden of God, as you stood at that little cot and saw that your child's life had gone, you really knew what pain was. There was nobody human who could help you then. That was pain which you will remember till your dying day. Yes and although the wound has long since healed, the scar is still there. Only a gentle reminder brings it all back again in its bitterness and darkness.

Praise God, there is no pain in Heaven. The mother's heart will never feel the wound there. The father's soul will never be torn with anguish there. Praise God, the happiness of Heaven is because there is no more pain. Pains are gone forever. You know those old rheumatic pains you have madam, you will not have them in Glory. You will not need a rub for them then.

There is a dear old woman in this town, called Miss Mairs. I used to visit her often, when I was a young

preacher. Our sister's body was twisted and crippled. She used to say to me after we had prayed, "Ian, when I get to Heaven, I will race you over the hills of Glory." And so we shall!

The body torn. The body in pain. The body that has been cursed with disease and emaciated with sickness, praise God, in Heaven, will know sickness no more. Pain is banished, Hallelujah, forever! Oh, what a place is this Heaven. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for those who love Him."

FOUR — NO MORE CRYING

Let us look at the next one. There is going to be no more crying. So crying! That is how you enter the world. You enter the world with a cry. The first thing that the doctor wants to hear is the cry. I have a friend of mine, and he says that many a time, when a child is born, he gives it a smack on the backside to get it to cry. He says it is all important that the new babe should cry. We enter the world crying. We go out of the world crying in death. But, praise God, there is no crying in Heaven. Crying is something which comes because there is something which we need. We cry because of need. It is the index of need. But you will not need anything else in Heaven. You will then have got it all, Hallelujah! That is why you do not cry in Heaven. You have got Jesus, the Blessed Saviour. Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven there. We will have God the Father in Heaven, and God the Holy Ghost in Heaven, and the angels of God and all the redeemed saints.

You know, every believer has a guardian angel. There is nothing Romanist about that you know. It is good New Testament teaching. "Their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven." The day you were saved, God appointed an angel to look after you. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who are the heirs of salvation.

I will be most happy to meet my guardian angel when I get to Heaven. I will have to congratulate him on the good job he did. When we are driving round the country at all hours of the day and night, sometimes we take to the ditch and the guardian angel has to work overtime to get us back onto the road.

The angels of God will be in Heaven. Thank God our loved ones who died in Christ will be there. We are going to meet them again. I am looking forward to that day.

"No more crying." Why? Because you will not need anything more. You will have everything you need. Forever and forever I will have everything I need in Heaven. You could not get anything more than that. That is Heaven.

FIVE — NO MORE SORROW

Look again. There is going to be no more sorrow. There will be no sorrow there in my Father's House.

If you have not met sorrow yet, friend, you will meet sorrow some day soon on the road of life. Sorrow is the companion of all humanity. Sooner or later sorrow takes up possession in our homes, and takes up possession in our hearts. Sorrows like sea billows roll over the

souls of humanity's millions. You are not very long walking down the road of life until you meet sorrow, sorrow with all its shadows, sorrow with all its tears, sorrow with all its pangs and sorrow with all its agonies. Bless God, there are no sorrowing souls in Heaven. There is nothing to be sorry about in that land. It is the land of perfection. It is the land where sorrows are forgotten for evermore.

When we look back we will see the sorrows of our life. Do you know what we will sing? "Just one glimpse of Him in Glory, will the toils of life repay." There will be no sorrow in Heaven. Mother, you will never sorrow again. Father, you will never sorrow again. Dear man, dear woman, you will leave your sorrows in the grave, and they will never be resurrected for you. They will be gone, gone forever. In my Father's House there'll be no sorrow there.

SIX — NO MORE DEATH

Look at it again. "There shall be no more death." No more death. Oh, I am glad of that. Death is the thing which brings sorrow.

When you open your newspaper there is always a death column. When you visit any town there is always a graveyard. When you go about the world there are always people in dark clothes, homes — where the blinds are drawn and the black crepe on the door.

I am so glad that they will not mutilate the hills of Glory with the gravedigger's spade. You will never see a funeral procession wend its way through the streets

of Glory. There will be gravediggers in Heaven, but they will be out of a job. They will not be working at the gravedigging then. There will be undertakers in Heaven, but they will be out of a job. They will not be working then. Coffin makers in Heaven, but they will never make a coffin. Shroud makers in Heaven, but they will never make a shroud. Hallelujah! There is no death in Heaven. We are going to live, and live, and live forever up yonder in the Glory Land. Hallelujah!

There is no age in Heaven. We will never get old. We will all be young in Heaven. You would like to be young again. would you not dear? You stand before the mirror and you look at the wrinkles, do you not, You try to putty them over, do you not? You put a wee bit of paint on to brighten up the cheeks! I tell you, in Heaven you will be perpetually young. I tell you the bloom of everlasting health is upon the people of God in the Glory Land.

There is no death in Heaven. There is no sorrow there. But I will tell you something else, there are going to be no more tears.

SEVEN — NO MORE TEARS

Tears are the universal language of the race. Bring a man from the South Pole. Bring a man from the Equator. They cannot communicate but let one of them cry and shed tears, and the other one understands. Tears are the universal language of a sinful race.

We all know what tears mean. Tears come because of all the other things I have mentioned. They come because of the night, because of the curse, because of the pain,

because of the cry, because of the sorrow, because of the death. Because of these things we weep our bitter tears.

Sometimes we weep in public. Sometimes we weep in secret. Sometimes we weep and our friends weep with us. Sometimes we carry the cross alone and no one sees us in the shadow and silence and loneliness of our own home. We put down our head and we shed those bitter tears.

Sometimes they are tears of disappointment. Sometimes they are tears of bereavement. Sometimes they are tears of remorse.

We all shed tears. But, praise God, God is going to wipe them from our eyes. We will have no remorse in Heaven, Hallelujah! We will have no disappointments in Heaven. We will have no bereavements in Heaven. There will be nothing to shed tears about. The Lord Himself is going to wipe all tears from our eyes. He is going to wipe away the tears of death, the tears of sorrow, the tears of the curse, the tears of crying and the tears of the night.

EIGHT — NO MORE SEA

We come to the last one. "There shall be no more sea."

Do you know what the sea speaks of? *It speaks first of all of the storm.*

Last night as I was going home I switched on the Radio and heard about that ship off the rocky coast of Rathlin. I thought of that ship, and men fighting for the lives of those who were aboard her. The great waves beating against her sides and before her there seemed nothing but the rocks of Rathlin Island like great teeth

out of the ocean, to dig into her side and pull her downward to a briny grave.

The sea speaks of the storm. Men and women, all of us know something of the storms of life. All of us know something of those days when the waves rise up, and the foam-crested billows batter themselves upon our frail life's bark. What a terrible thing it is when you hear the thunder roar and the lightning strikes and the storm of life breaks in upon your home, and upon your family, and upon your friends and your business, and most of all upon your own soul. Have you ever been in such a storm? I have been in many of them. I will probably experience a few more before I cast anchor on the Glory Land.

Thank God, in Heaven there are no more storms. "On life's rough sea how frail my bark. But in the dense and deepest dark, I have a safe and trusted Ark, for bless the Lord, I've Jesus."

I tell you, with Jesus you will outlive the storm and one day you will cast anchor in the still waters of perfect peace. Those waters are clear as crystal. There is no mud in the waters of Heaven. No stirring of the depths in the waters of Heaven. The storm all past for evermore.

What a shout we will put up when the anchor cable runs out in the Glory Land. We will then we anchored, anchored for evermore. We will never sail another wild sea. We will never face another storm. We will never hear another clap of thunder. We will never see another fork of lightning. We will never hear another roar of wind. We will never feel another wave of disturbance. Peace at last, the storms all past for evermore.

I will tell you something else about the sea. *It is restless.* "The wicked are like the troubled sea, they cannot rest." Sin is restlessness.

I am glad that in Heaven, sin is gone for evermore. That is one of the things of Heaven. I want a Heaven of holiness. I want a Heaven where there is no sin. This thing called sin, grieves me, hinders me, fights me, beats me, and tempts me.

Praise God, some day it will be finished for the believer. What a Heaven that is going to be. We will have no backsliding then. We will have no prayerlessness then. Everybody will be on fire. The saints of God are all in revival blessing in Heaven.

When I get to Heaven I will want to meet some of my straight-laced brethren who never shouted a good "Hallelujah" all the days of their lives on earth. They will be making up for it then. I will feel like giving them a wee dig in the ribs and saying, "Come on, shout again. Brother, I never heard you shouting down on earth, but you are shouting well now."

Oh, what a day that will be, when God takes away all sin. All the things that hindered. All the things that mar fellowship. We will all be brethren and sisters in that Land. Sin gone, Hallelujah! for evermore. What a day that will be. Restlessness gone. Peace abiding in our souls.

One last thing and I am through. It speaks not only of the storm and of sin, *but the sea speaks of separation.* Separation!

I stand at the edge of the sea. I look over its waves, and my loved ones are across in another continent. Between me and them stretches the waves of the briny depths. I know what it is to be separated from them. Nothing separates like the sea. What a barrier the sea makes. What a terrible barrier the sea makes. Separation.

In this land in which we live there is separation all the time. We are separated because of misunderstanding. We are separated because of circumstances. Alas, we are separated because of death. Our loved ones are no longer with us. They have crossed the river. We have laid their remains in mother earth. We have heard the rattle of the clay on the coffin lid. We shed our tears. When we think of them tonight, there is a pang of loneliness within our breasts. We long for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still. Why? Because we are separated. But, praise God, there is no separation in Heaven.

I have been in meetings where I never wanted to pronounce the benediction or sing the doxology. I wanted to stay there. Like Peter and James and John in the holy mount, I wanted to build a tabernacle and stay there, but I could not. But, praise God, the great meetings in Heaven will never break up. They never sing the doxology there or pronounce the benediction there. We are there forever and forever. No separation in Heaven. No breaking up of fellowship. No saying good-bye in the Glory Land.

When I was a boy in Sabbath School, every year we had a Sabbath School social. When all the scholars had

done their pieces and received their prizes for the year, my mother used to gather us all on the little platform underneath the pulpit and lead us in the singing of a hymn. I can hear those scholars sing it now as I go back on the wings of memory, "Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly. But ever comes the thought of parting that we must say good-bye. We'll never say good-bye in Heaven. We'll never say good-bye, for in that land of joy and song, They never, they never say good-bye."

Home at last. I have many a time longed for home. There is no place like home.

When I did my first spell in prison, these was only one place I wanted to be, and that was home. To be home with my wife and my family, to shut the door, and shut out men and shut out things, and be at home. That is what Heaven is. It is home at last. Away from the warring and jarring. Away from the sin and the sighing. Away from the death and the dying. Just to be home at last.

If you are saved, you are going home. There are men and women with us tonight and they are not saved. Their home will not be Heaven. Their final tormenting place will be Hell. I make one plea tonight. Before I started this sermon we all sang a hymn. and I would repeat it now,

"We'll be going Home to Glory soon,
To see the City Bright;
To walk the golden streets of Heaven
And bask in God's own light;

But some of you are out of Christ
And held by many a snare;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there."

Will you be there? Will you trust the Saviour now?
Will you come and be washed in His Precious Blood, and
be saved for all Eternity? Flee from the wrath to come.
Flee to the arms of Jesus, and be ready for that Land
that is fairer than day.

May you come for Jesus' Sake!

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:

NOT SAVED

NOT SAVED

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20

Coming to the end of a gospel mission is always a most solemn and serious time. It is solemn and serious for the preacher, because he has little time to bring his final appeal and his final gospel exhortation.

When you start a five week campaign, you think it is going to be a long hard slog. The nights however, fly in, the weeks race past and we soon come to the end, the final meeting, the last opportunity the preacher has to plead with dying men and women to repent and believe the gospel.

It is a solemn and serious time for those yet unsaved who have attended the meetings. They have seen their friends saved, and their loved ones saved, and their families saved, and their workmates saved and their neighbours saved, and now the campaign is almost over. The summer of opportunity is almost gone, the last sheaf is almost garnered and you are still unsaved. It is to that person, it is to that class of persons that I would want to address my message tonight.

Jeremiah chapter eight and verse twenty, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Three very simple things I want to bring to your attention. First of all, the confession, short and solemn and throbbing with tragedy, "We are not saved."

Then there is *the reason why this confession has to be made*. Why must men say, "We are not saved." Why

must women say, "We are not saved." Why must boys and girls say, "We are not saved."

I want to probe the reasons tonight. I want to confront you with the hard stern facts, sinner, why it is that you have got to say tonight, at the close of such a solemn moving time as we have had, "We are not saved."

Then last of all, *there is the timing*. This confession is not made when the fields are still ripening for the harvest. It is not made at the rising and the coming of the summer sun. Ah, no, the summer has sped to its conclusion. the fields have been garnered. The sheaves have been cut. The harvest home is in. Alas the last summer has fled forever and the last harvest is finally gathered and the cry is, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

FIRST — THE CONFESSION

First of all, the confession.

I told you it throbbed with tragedy. You take that confession in any possible setting which you like to take it. Forget for a moment about its sacred and scriptural setting.

Here is a ship which is drifting from anchorage to doom. Here is a thundering express which swerves from the track. Here is a building shattered by some terrible catastrophe. Those in that ship faced with impending doom and those in that train faced with impending doom and those in that building faced with impending doom, cry out, "We are not saved." Even in that setting, the confession strikes a solemn note which throbs with tragedy.

Let me take you to the sick room. The patient is upon the bed. The medical man has examined with all his skills. He has done every test which he humanly can do. He has prescribed every remedy which he knows of. Alas with it all the sick man has upon him the very marks of death. The physician withdraws and he says to the friends of the dying man, "I can do no more. I am exhausted. There is no other drug I can try, no other remedy I can prescribe. As far as I am concerned, he is out of my hands. I can do no more." As that doomed man lies upon his death-bed, he knows in his inmost soul that the sands of time have forever run out for him. He knows he is saying good-bye to life, and friends, and home, and work, and all of earth and time. He whispers with a parched tongue, with the death rattle coming in his throat, "I am not saved." I tell you that is a confession which throbs with tragedy.

There is however, no comparison between that confession and the confession in my text. My text is not dealing with a physical calamity. It is not dealing with some life-ending sickness. It is not dealing with some temporal impending doom. My text is speaking of everlasting dismay and everlasting doom and everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.

Here is a soul, long preached to. A soul who has sat under the great agency and ministry of the Spirit of God. A soul who has been stirred to the very depths with the operation of the gospel of grace and the restraining power of the divine revelation, preached by some preacher with God's power to that soul. That soul has resisted God. That soul has trifled with things divine. That soul has played with the fire of sin. That soul has

turned its back wilfully, deliberately, stubbornly and everlastingly to God. That soul stands on the precipice of eternity. The great doors of eternity swing wide, and that soul leaves the body of clay and takes its flight into the great unknown, untracked, mysterious, lost eternity.

I hear an echo coming back from the regions of the damned. I hear a cry from the darkness of hell, that forever lost soul wailing, "I am not saved."

I tell you, when you take it in that setting it is really throbbing not only with tragedy, but it is throbbing with a tragedy for which there can never be a remedy.

It is about that which I am going to talk tonight. I tell you this is a solemn thing. You would do well to sit up in your seats and pay heed to what God has to say to you. You Christians would do well to saturate the atmosphere of this house with believing prayer, that God in grace would save men, men whom we know, men whom we have shaken by the hand, men (God being our witness) whose souls we love and long to see saved. Oh, that we might pray that those very people will never have to make this confession, but rather, thank God, will be able to say, "I am saved. I am born again, Hallelujah! I am a child of God."

May that be true tonight, and not the other!

I want to apply this text simply. I feel at times, and I have been guilty of it myself that instead of making the gospel plain in the exposition of the Scriptures of Truth, preachers have made it more mysterious and more difficult. God forbid! I want to set it before you with great plainness of speech so that "the wayfaring man, though a fool may not err therein."

It matters not what the standard of the preaching may be. It matters not what men might think of the phraseology and language of the human channel. All that matters is that men and women might get the message and get to Christ. That is all which matters. Let my name perish, let Jesus be exalted. They can kick my name around the gutters if they like. They have done it in the past and it has meant nothing to me. Let my Saviour be glorified. Let us see Him in all the radiant beauty of the Cross, and in all the majesty of His adorable Person.

I am going to take that confession and I am going to apply it.

Let us change it from the plural to the singular, from "We are not saved," to "I am not saved."

How many people in this hall, honestly before God, in the full light of God's eternity, having done away with the trifling, and folly, and the fooling and the deception of their sin, have to say, "I am not saved." Have you to say that, man, "I am not saved." Is that what you have to say, woman, "I am not saved." Come on, be honest about it, "I am not saved." Young boy, young girl, is that what you have to say tonight? As you sit among this crowd at the end of the old-time gospel campaign, five weeks almost gone, many years past, hundreds of opportunities lost, thousands of gospel meetings attended, you must say, "I am not saved." Come on, face up to it friend. Be honest about it tonight. Whisper it in your inmost soul. Let the silence of your soul tonight be overshadowed with this confession, "I am not saved."

"I am not saved from sin, I love it still."

I wonder how many people have to say that tonight. No, you are not saved from your sin, you love it still.

You have got your arms around your habits. You are still holding on to fool things which will damn your soul. You are still embracing sin, vile damnable sin which will dig your grave in the darkness of the pit of Hell for evermore. "I am not saved from my sin, I love it still." I wonder how many must confess that. My God, how many people in the Town Hall have to say honestly and reverently tonight, "I am not saved from sin."

"I am not saved from Hell. Every day brings me closer to the brimstone and fire of my soul's everlasting destruction."

I wonder how many people have to say that tonight. You are nearer to Hell man than you have ever been before. Five weeks nearer to the furnace of everlasting destruction, since this preaching mission began. You are getting nearer and nearer to Hell, and farther away from God and righteousness and grace. "I am not saved from Hell." Come on, face up to it woman. Come on man, sitting up there in the gallery, face up to it tonight. You have to say it if you are honest before God, and if you are going to give your soul a chance. You must confess, "Yes, it is true preacher. I am not saved from Hell. I am not saved from God's wrath, the wrath of God abides upon me." That is what you have to say. "I am not saved from death. I am dead in trespasses and in sin. I am not saved by the Blood of Christ, for I have rejected the cleansing efficacy of the Blood of the Lamb." That is what you have got to say. It is not a pleasant confession to have to make.

I will tell you something more. There are people in this meeting and they have to go a lot farther with their

confession. Do you know what they have to say? "I was brought up in a Christian home, but I am not saved."

I wonder how many here have got to say that in the solemn gospel service. "My father was a believer. My mother loved the Saviour. The Bible was honoured in our home. The atmosphere was filled with the incense of believing prayer. That is the atmosphere in which I was brought up. That is the type of home from which I came. But alas, I must say, although my father was a believer, and my mother a Christian and my home saturated in prayer, I am not saved." An unbelieving child of believing parents, is that what you are? There are men and women who have to confess that in the meeting tonight.

There are other people here and they have got to go even farther than that. Yes, unsaved husband, you have got to confess that *"the woman that I love and who has mothered my family, is a Christian. I have seen her bow the knee at the bedside night and night and pray for the salvation of my soul. I have a praying wife, but I am not saved."*

Come on, unsaved husband, face up to it tonight. Your wife is a Christian. She has been praying for you. She has been pleading with God for you. You have really got to say, "Although my wife is saved, I am not saved."

Aye, and there are wives here and they have to say their husband is a Christian but they are not saved.

Some of your husbands have been saved in this very campaign. They have been in the prayer room praying for you tonight, saying "Lord, save my wife. Bring her to Jesus." Yet here you are tonight, you have got to say,

"Oh, yes my husband is saved. There is a change in his life. A miracle has been wrought, but I am not saved." Does that mean you friend? Come on, face up to it, dear woman.

"The other members of my family are saved, but I am not saved." Are you the last one? Is there some last soul in the meeting tonight?

Ah, there are people in this house tonight and they have to go even farther than that. Do you know what they have to say?

"I sit where God's people sit. I stand where God's people stand on the Sabbath Day, but I am not saved."

How many unconverted church members are in this hall tonight? How many men and women who stand on the Lord's Day with a Psalter or Hymn Book in their hand and join their voices with the saints of God, and in the praise of Jesus, and yet they must say, "I have come and gone from God's house for years but I am not saved." Unconverted, unregenerate church members unsaved in this Town Hall God knows you. You know your own heart.

Aye, and there are people here who have to say, *"I was baptised in the church, but I am not saved."*

A baptised candidate for Hell, is that what you are? Come on sir, face up to it tonight. Do not try to dodge the column and get away from it. Do not try to make some excuse. Do not try to say tonight, "I do not like that type of preaching." I know you do not. I tell you, it is the only type of preaching that will stir your heart and make you think. "Yes, I have been baptised, but I am not saved."

"I know the Bible, but I am not saved."

How many people have to say that? I tell you, you could find the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer for me in the Bible. You could repeat Scripture after Scripture and yet have to say, "I am not saved," for you have never met the Author of the Book. My friend, you could die holding the Bible and go to Hell. Salvation does not depend on head knowledge of the Scriptures. Salvation depends on heart experience of Jesus Christ.

There are men in this meeting tonight and they could say something more than that.

"I am a Sabbath School teacher, but I am not saved."

How many unconverted Sabbath School teachers are in this Town Hall tonight? How many of you women folk go out on Sunday, hear the Catechism with the children, read with them the Scripture, tell them a Scriptural story, but you have never been born again? Unconverted, unregenerate Sabbath School teacher, that is what you have got to confess tonight? "I am not saved?"

Some of you have to go farther than that.

"I sing in the church choir. When the praises of God are sung, I help to lead the singing in the sanctuary of the Most High. I help to lead the praises of the Lord God of heaven, earth and sea, but I am not saved."

How many lips that sing the songs of Zion are going to groan and moan the sighs of the damned in Hell? Singing on earth the praises of Jesus! Wailing in Hell the groans of the lost! Let me tell you, on the authority of the Word of God that is what is going to happen to you if you do not come to Jesus Christ.

There are people here and they have got to say something far worse than that. You know what they have to say?

"I sat down at the Lord's Table and have taken in my hand the emblems of His Broken Body. I have taken in my hand the cup and raised it to my lips, and partook of the emblem of His Precious Blood but I am not saved."

I just want to tell you something. If any minister or any preacher, unsaved man or woman, encourages you to come to the Lord's Table unsaved and unprepared, that minister is an emissary of Hell. He is doing the Devil's work. I do not care what he calls himself. I care not how high in office he is in the church. I do not care what degrees he might have after his name. I do not care what learning he may have behind him. He is an emissary of Hell. Never dare to go to the Lord's Table until you are born again, and saved by the grace of God!

We live in an evil day. There is no fencing of God's Table today. The barriers are down, and ungodly clergy encourage the unregenerate to eat and drink their way to the damnation of the pit.

You have to say, "I am not saved and I am a communicant member."

Some of you have to say, *"I am an elder in the church, but I am not saved."* Come on you ungodly unsaved elders who are in the meeting tonight. You were ordained by Presbytery. You swore that you believed the Confession of Faith, but you have never believed in Jesus to the salvation of your soul.

"I am a committee member of the church. I am on the select vestry. I am not saved." How many must confess that.